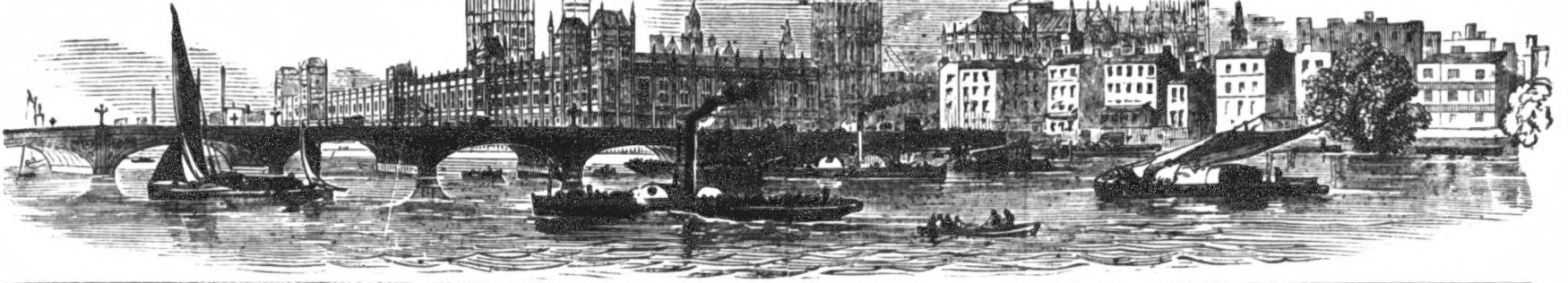


THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER.

THE REFORM DEMONSTRATION OF FEBRUARY 11TH.

ALTHOUGH bereft of the great charm of novelty, there can be little doubt that the last of the Reform Demonstrations was invested with more interest than either of its predecessors by the simultaneous proceedings in the Talking House. The Conservatives affect to regard the demonstration as a failure, because the avowed Reformers forming the procession did not muster as strongly as upon the previous occasions; but that the general curiosity has diminished does not imply that the people are less anxious on the subject of Reform. The Agricultural Hall was filled with a patient assemblage—thoroughly weeded of the troublesome mob of roughs who had done their best to mar the demonstration—who

listened with marked attention and interest to the discussion of the question of their political rights, and here was enacted the most significant portion of the day's proceedings.

By one o'clock Trafalgar-square was already crowded with an overwhelming mass of the inevitable roughs that seem only to put in an appearance in London upon the occasion of any public ceremony—evil-faced ruffians that come no one can say whence, and disappear as strangely when the temporary excitement is over—and these did their best to annoy every individual who was not of their order. Every man wearing a "chimney-pot" hat suffered from their brutal pastime, and it would be difficult to estimate the number of hats which were lost for good and all by their owners.

By two o'clock, the hour appointed for the starting of the procession from Charing-cross, Pall-Mall was so full that carriages

going along it could only move at a foot's pace. Empty carts, however, and cabs plying for hire were allowed by the police to pass without restriction. If there had been any wish to cause an interruption in the procession, and thus to create disturbance, no course could have been better calculated to effect that end than to allow the stoppage of the route by vehicles loitering about with no apparent object. Because the police interfered too much in Hyde Park, they probably thought themselves bound to interfere too little in Pall-Mall. Happily, the arrangements made for preserving order by the managers of the procession were so good that the aid of the constables was utterly uncalled for.

At a little before two the word to start was given, and was instantly obeyed, the entire procession passing on to the Agricultural Hall, at Islington. When they arrived here, at ten minutes to



THE REFORM DEMONSTRATION: THE PROCESSION FORMING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

even, Mr. Beales stepped upon the platform, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Dickson, The O'Donoghue, M.P.; Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P.; Professor Thorold Rogers, M.A.; Professor Blesley, M.A.; Mr. Ernest Jones, Captain Dresser Rogers, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. J. J. Merriman, Mr. Mantle, Mr. Howell, secretary of the League, and most of whom spoke at length; but the most noticeable speeches were those of Mr. Beales, Professor Rogers, The O'Donoghue, and Mr. B. Potter. These eloquent and large-minded orators continued to harangue the assembly until about ten o'clock, when, after a vote of thanks to Mr. Beales being proposed and carried amid loud cheers, the meeting separated.

Amongst the many noticeable passages of the meeting we may cite the phrase in the speech of The O'Donoghue:—"I have just come from the House of Commons, where I have heard Mr. Disraeli, and I have to tell you that the *Tory Government does NOT bring in a Reform Bill.*" It is the instant which followed this announcement that we would fain describe, for the better instruction of her Majesty's Ministers, and for the more assured peace of this realm. There passed through the immense crowd of listeners a strange, startled, half-uttered cry, as if every man had been struck a blow—struck full upon the face—and directly afterwards, a storm of hisses, mingled with incoherent angry noises and inarticulate sounds, positively filled the place. Of all who know the many ways in which public assemblies express pleasure or disapprobation, none can have before heard an outburst like that first cry: the fifteen thousand gathered in the hall would, of course, make it remarkable; but it was in itself a cry of pain, of indignation, of sudden consciousness of insult, unknown, we should think, to the ear of the oldest public speaker.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE first Reform debate of the Session drew one of those eager and excited audiences with which we were so familiar last year. The House of Commons was filled to overflowing in every part as soon as the Speaker had taken the chair on Monday, and the crowd of peers and distinguished strangers was unusually numerous.

The paragraph of the Queen's speech relating to the representation of the people having been read at the table,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was loudly cheered by his supporters, proceeded to give his promised explanation of the Ministerial views, reminding the House at the outset that in the paragraph just read Her Majesty appealed to them to divest themselves of all party spirit in dealing with this question. The meaning the Government attached to this paragraph was that Parliamentary Reform ought no longer to be a question which should decide the fate of the Ministries (here there was a slight laugh from below the gangway on the Opposition side), and for this reason—that all parties had attempted to deal with it—in 1852, '54, '59, '60, and '66—and had failed. In a long and elaborate retrospect of the Reform question Mr. Disraeli traced to the disfranchisement of the labouring classes in 1832 the seeds of the present demand for a change, of which Sir R. Peel had warned Earl Grey at the time, and while repudiating the idea that the claims of the working-classes had been treated in the House of Commons in a disrespectful or dilatory spirit—the fault he found was that they had been met too often in an Epicurean tone, which would do anything for present quiet—he denied that any scheme had yet been introduced which was calculated to settle the controversy. As it was the House of Commons—and not a political party or any political leader—which had disturbed the settlement of 1832, so it was the House of Commons, and not any party, which had baffled every effort to pass a new Reform Bill. When that attempt at disturbance was commenced, the Conservatives determined not to make opposition to Parliamentary Reform a principle of action, and they had never opposed the second reading of any of the Bills introduced since 1850; nor did the question, he asserted, assume a party character until the vote of 1859 on Lord Russell's resolution. The House of Commons, therefore, had incurred a peculiar responsibility in this matter, and was it not wise to consider whether it could not pursue a course which, while not relieving the Government from its due share of responsibility, would insure them against a repetition of former mishaps? This advantage might be attained if the House would give the Government some intimation of its views on the main points of the controversy by resolutions, before a Bill was introduced,—a course, as he showed, which was constitutional, justified by successful precedents, would not lead to delay, and which, though to require too much precision would be unreasonable, need not entail vagueness and uncertainty. The Government would to-day lay on the table the resolutions they proposed for this purpose, and in shadowing out the chief of them he intimated that rating, not rental, would be the basis of the franchise; that there would be a reduction both of the county and borough franchise, though the precise limit, depending as it did on so many other points to be subsequently settled, could not be stated in the resolution. The Government would proceed in their task of reconstructing the House of Commons on the principles of the British Constitution; they would sanction no course which would alter the characteristics by which it had risen to its present pitch of power (not enjoyed, as he showed, by any of the Democratic Assemblies of foreign countries), and would strenuously contend that the electoral franchise must be considered a popular privilege, not a Democratic right. Notwithstanding the violent and pernicious doctrines recently circulated, he hoped the House would agree to resolution, in unison with these views. On the important question of redistribution of seats, resolutions would be proposed in harmony with the principles by which the vast and varied interests of the empire secured a representation in the House, the Government being fully conscious that by any attempt to obtain artificial symmetry, the character of the House might be changed, and its authority destroyed. The resolutions would lay down that no borough should be wholly disfranchised, except in cases where systematic corruption was proved; that representation should be extended to boroughs now unrepresented whose circumstances demanded it; and would provide for the extension of boundaries. On this last point Mr. Disraeli dwelt at some length, arguing that, as the 11,500,000 county population was represented by 162 members, while the borough population of 9,500,000 had 324 members, the county population had a right to complain if their representation was interfered with by the borough population—an injustice now existing, and which would be increased by the proposed reduction of the county franchise—from the overflow of many boroughs beyond the boundaries fixed in 1832. Halifax, for instance, if its boundaries were not widened, would contribute to the constituency of the West Riding a large band of voters whose sympathies and interests were borough, not county. At the same time he repudiated any desire to prevent the blending of country and urban populations which was inevitable and desirable—the Government only intended to remedy an injustice; and he defended himself from the imputation of endeavouring to eliminate all independence from the county representation and to hand it over to the landlords and farmers, showing that

while these classes, including farm labourers, only amounted to 2,000,000, there remained in the counties over and above them a scattered village population, as it was statistically called, of 7,000,000—the backbone of the country, including that most valuable of all classes, the county freeholders. The course the Government had chosen was not flattering to themselves, but they deemed it more honourable to take a part, however humble, in the settlement of this controversy than to bring in a mock measure which party spirit would not have allowed to pass. They were not angling for a policy, they had a policy of their own; and though they were prepared not to shrink from the main points of it, they would receive any suggestions or any assistance in a candid spirit. After a eloquent vindication of the House of Commons, which was loudly cheered, Mr. Disraeli concluded by intimating that the resolutions would be taken into consideration on the 25th instant.

Mr. Gladstone, after remarking on the novelty of the proposed procedure, the success of which, he observed, would not be furthered by Mr. Disraeli's assumption that the Reform question ought no longer to involve the fate of Ministries—for, though the House might have incurred a heavier responsibility on this than any other subject, the responsibility of Government was not diminished—said that, though his prepossessions were against it, he should not object to proceeding by resolutions if, when they were produced, they formed a plan which the House could use either by adoption or alteration as a means of settlement. But if they turned out to be mere vague preliminary declarations, tending to uncertainty and not calculated to form the basis of settlement, he hoped the House would object to this mode of procedure. Their first duty was to refuse everything which tended to delay the primary duty of extending the franchise, for never until the question was got out of the way could the people of England become again a united people. Adverting to a remark of Mr. Disraeli's, he denied, with some warmth, that any Government had attempted to deal with the question on principles new to the Constitution.

Thus opened the Reform campaign of 1867.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S MUSEUM.

THIS Museum, formerly at the India House, Leadenhall-street, is now at Whitehall yard, and may be visited gratis. Here is a collection of Hindu and other idols, Oriental arms and ornaments, and relics and curiosities of the Peoples of Afghanistan; models of Chinese villages; Indian, Malay, Japanese, and Abyssinian dresses, arms and ornaments. The trophies taken from Tipoo Saib—standards, pieces of armour, helmets, and the golden foot-stool of his throne, together with an immense number of Indian curiosities of all descriptions. Among the pictures will be found

LORD CLIVE SIGNING THE FIRST INDIAN TREATY.

Robert, afterwards Lord Clive, the so-called "founder of the British Empire in India," was born Sept. 29, 1725, at Lytche, near Market Drayton, Shropshire, where his father was a lawyer and small proprietor. "In childhood," as one of his biographers, Mr. John G. Edgar, says, "young Robert Clive exhibited an extraordinary love of mischief; and this passion, which increased with his years, was indulged without stint. At the age of seven, his tendencies in this direction had become so strong that they filled his relatives with alarm, and even struck terror into the inhabitants of Market Drayton. Bob Clive—as everybody there knew, flew into a violent passion on the most trifling annoyance—utterly repudiated the idea of being guided by his seniors, and was ready to fight battles with his comrades on any pretext whatever. One day he startled the people of Market Drayton by climbing to the high steeple, and seating himself on a stone spout near the top; on another occasion he surprised them by forming all the most mischievous boys of the town into a predatory band and levying a species of 'black mail' on the shopkeepers, in consideration of preserving their windows from being broken.

"At school Clive was regarded as a dunce, and denounced as a scapegrace. First, he was sent to a seminary at Lostock, in Cheshire; next to Market Drayton school; then to Merchant Tailors'; and finally to a private academy at Hemel Hempstead. At each of these he earned for himself a bad name. His aversion to study the teachers found invincible, and he left school without having made any progress in learning. It appears, however, that one of his schoolmasters, who happened to be capable of looking below the surface, could not help seeing that there was enough of natural talent about the idle, mischievous boy to enable him, if spared, to make a great figure in the world. Richard Clive, however, despairing of his son doing any good, and was not sorry when young 'Bob' obtained a writership in the service of the East India Company. With the blessing of his parents on his head, and a little money in his pocket, Clive sailed from England to push his fortune. He was in his eighteenth year when thus launched upon life."

We give these details as characterising the man Clive better than anything else in his life, of which the latter and successful part is too well known, and is, besides, part and parcel of the history of India, to require a place on this occasion. Suffice it therefore to say, that after a few years work at the desk in Calcutta, Robert Clive entered the Indian army, and fighting his way up to generalship, became a lord and a wealthy man, and last, not least, one of the heroes of whom this country is justly proud. Lord Clive's act of signing the first Indian treaty, illustrated by one of England's most genial painters, and transferred from West's picture to our pages, took place on the 12th of November, 1766, and is known as the treaty with Nizam Ali. By this convention British influence, for the first time, got a firm grasp of the rich lands on the Ganges, laying thereby the foundation to that colossal power which is the astonishment of the present, it as will be the marvel of future ages.

THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

A TELEGRAM from Constantinople, dated the 6th, states that according to news received in that city from Candia, another body of Greek volunteers, 650 in number, had surrendered to the Turkish troops, asking to be sent back to Greece. The same telegram states that Coroneos and Zimbrakakis were almost entirely deserted.

Another telegram received from Naples, dated 9th inst., gives a different account of the state of the insurrection in Candia, and asserts that Mustapha Pacha, on his return from Canea, was attacked and defeated by the Sphakiotas in the pass between Niporo and Askylo. It is further asserted on Greek authority that the insurgents have been victorious at Dilissi, Pransinero, and Anaghia.

The same intelligence asserts that the Porte has invited the Cretans to send delegates to Constantinople.

On page 28 will be found an illustration of the Turkish encampment near Canea, which was received a short time prior to the above telegrams.

THE TALKING HOUSE.

BY THE PARLIAMENTARY PUNDIT.

THE life of the Talking House has been compromised this week in the incidents of Monday evening. All the other days have been dreary and barren, except that even more useful legislation than was foreshadowed by the speech from the Throne has been promised by the Government. But Monday, though a brief night, legislatively speaking, was a brilliant and exciting one. From floor to roof the chamber of the Commons was crowded, although some members absented themselves to keep in countenance the dimly multitude at the Agricultural Hall; and one went post-haste to Chester to take his place at the head of the Yeomanry. In the early darkness, which is a prevailing fault of that great Gothic labyrinth, a thousand people, including ladies, peers, distinguished visitors and occupants of the Press and S. Ranges' Galleries, must have been packed, and all were waiting anxiously for the first words of the Ministerial leader. Lord Russell appeared especially solicitous, talking anxiously with the Bishop of Oxford, while he kept his eyes involuntarily fixed upon the Treasury Bench. Filigetty representatives of the Opposition asked questions which were answered amid general impatience. At length, at exactly twenty minutes to five, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, and a storm of generous cheering broke from both sides, though certain members maintained a defiant silence—Mr. Bright conspicuously, though it should be remembered, in justice to him, that he is accustomed to be cold, when the rest of the House is enthusiastic, and walked hurriedly away last year, rather than partake in a vote which sanctioned a national monument to Lord Palmerston. Now, all was alive and expectant. The sitters in the galleries strained forward to catch the opening sentences of the great speech which, they felt sure, was to come. The feeling was that a man was about to open his lips who owed nothing to historical name or social position, who has created himself by his own genius, who is followed by the flower of a splendid party, simply because he is of acknowledged superiority to the rest. He was formal at the outset, and his argument threatened to become involved, but this was only an appearance; it might, indeed, have been an artifice: for after the lapse of ten minutes, the oration flowed in a full, powerful, sparkling stream which increased in grandness and magnificence to the very end, a noble peroration applauded loudly and long, with reverberating cheers. When Mr. Disraeli uttered that last phrase, that a State, however expanded, without a constitution and a House of Commons to guard it would be an empire without glory, and the wealth of nations only the lees of corruption and decay, he commanded rather than invited the clamour of applause which followed. Much of this effect, we are bound to say, is due to the purity of his voice—always free from the provincialism of Mr. Gladstone's accent, and the varied graces of that elocution in which he is without a rival in the Imperial Parliament. His whisper is the softest, faintest, and yet most distinct we can possibly conceive; his way of putting a question, ironically and parenthetically, in reply, as it were, to an interruption, is exquisitely humorous; his manner of accepting an explanation, or offering an apology, is perfect, but it is where he rises to the full height of the subject that his tones become wonderfully sonorous, while thorough y free from bluster, that his phrases roll forth, round and sumptuous, without an approach to magniloquence, and that he compels his hearers to confess the presence of a great, rare, and domineering intellect. Yet it was painfully felt, on Monday evening, that he had appealed less strongly than he might have done to the sympathies of the House of Commons, to the best motives and feelings of the Opposition, and more to the instincts and direct tendencies of his own followers. Had he talked less about the Tudors and Plantagenets, less about the disfranchised freeholders, less about the sanctions of history, while saying more about the danger and disgrace of leaving so important a question unsettled; more about the damage to the character of public men which must result from a display of factious opposition, and more about the conscience which should persuade Parliament to legislate honestly and unselfishly, without regard to personal claims or jealousies; the impression, though not more electric, might have been deeper. It was this mistake that gave Mr. Gladstone his opportunity. He, too, rose amid the encouraging cheers—which, by the way, he does not need to inspire him with sufficient assurance—of friends and opponents. His aspect was so serious; his preliminary utterances, though delivered in a spirit implying some dislike of the oratorical triumph just achieved by a rival, were so carefully balanced—his promises seemed so candid, and yet his half-suggested criticisms were so plausible, while his delivery was, as it always is, so copious, so completely unembarrassed, and so choicely sustained by the employment of language adapted with absolute, and yet apparently unstudied, precision to the topic in hand, that the House, as a matter of course, bent its ear to him at once. He did not speak long, or elaborately, but sat down, after creating a good many doubts concerning the future, amid general acclamations from all, except again the frowning attendants upon Mr. Bright's dissatisfaction, who were not long, however, in keeping their sullen secrets to themselves. Then all was practically over. The peers and bishops departed, Lord Russell pausing a few moments as if to meditate upon the scene of many former victories; the ambassadors vanished incontinently; Lord Grauville—"the Windsor Park," as they call him—smiled his last upon Mr. Speaker; the hundreds of members crowded upon the floor and thronged towards the door; the editors and leading-article writers scattered to their offices and chambers; only the ordinary batch of reporters remained to take note of the routine business. And duldest of all things is this House of Commons routine, especially after an exhilarating debate, or two or three exciting speeches. Young gentlemen in evening dresses and faultless cravats, bring forward small motions; middle-aged men, whose dinner hour has either arrived or passed, but who do not care to go home just yet, doze with dignity in the side galleries; brisk members spring to their feet with Bills upon obscure local questions, and "ways and means" are reached. The phrase sounds homely. Is the process so? It signifies the dealing with about seventy millions of our money in this "mad world, my masters." At this moment the strangers perched far away and high in front of the Speaker begin to stare with greater concentration—particularly those from the country—to admire with more energy—and to be puzzled more intensely—and by nothing more so than by the explanation of their well informed cockney friends to the right and left—than even, for something like a State ceremony appears about to be going to begin. A motion is made. The speaker says "the question is that I do leave the chair." "Aye" or "No"—the "Ayes have it," and he leaves the chair accordingly. An awful personage, in a wig and robe, quits his seat, and goes round to the front of the long table, where, taking up the huge gilded crown-tipped mace, he deposits it in a receptacle beneath the House's now in Committee, and orators, instead of common

cing with "Mr. Speaker," say simply, "Mr. Dodson." At this stage the Parliamentary Pundit will leave the mighty Talkers of Queen Victoria's realm, trusting that the progress of legislation this year may be so rapid that he shall have something to say next week about messages from the Lords, divisions, and the question, always so welcome, which is put from the Chair, "That the Bill do pass."

SOCIETY:

Its Facts and its Rumours.

A marriage is arranged between Henry Gore Booth, Esq., son of Sir Robert Gore Booth, of Lisadell, county Sligo, and Miss Hill, daughter of Colonel and Lady Frances Hill, of Tickhill Castle, Yorkshire.

Lord William Lennox gave a lecture on Bunyan and *The Pilgrim's Progress* to a large and appreciative audience at Blackheath last Tuesday, in aid of the Funds of the Destitute Boys' Home at Farningham. At the conclusion the Rev. Joseph Beazley proposed a vote of thanks to his lordship, to which motion Sir Charles Fox spoke in the most flattering terms of the interesting lecture. The vote was carried unanimously.

We are enabled to contradict the rumour that the Duchess of Leeds is a convert to Romanism; she is the daughter of the late Mr. Caton, an opulent Roman Catholic banker of Baltimore, in Maryland, and was strictly educated in that faith. Her first husband was Mr. Felton Harvey, and after his death she married the seventh Duke of Leeds, and it is no wonder she should render aid to repurchase Prior Park.

A capital story is now going the round of Society which sounds like an old friend freshened up, but for whose truth we are in a position to vouch. At a county ball, not a great distance from one of our universities, given recently, a bailiff was admitted under the pretence that he was the intimate friend of one of the vouchered guests. The person in difficulties who resorted to this farcical expedient must have taken a hint from "my friend the major."

The following is the list of her Majesty's Waits for February, and the dates of their entering on their duties:—Lady of the Bedchamber, Duchess of Roxburgh, 12th. Women of the Bedchamber, Viscountess Forbes, 12th; Lady Codrington, 26th. Maids of Honour, Hon. Florence C. Seymour, 14th; Hon. Mary L. Lascelles, 14th. Lords in Waiting, Viscount Strathallan, 12th; Lord Polwarth, 26th. Grooms in Waiting, Hon. Mortimer Sackville West, 12th; Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. C. H. Lindsay, 26th. Equerries, Colonel Lord A. C. L. Fitzroy, and Colonel Hon. C. F. De Ros. Pages of Honour, Hon. A. T. Lytleton, and Hon. S. F. Jocelyn.

It is well known that the Queen devotes much of her leisure to the cultivation of the fine arts, and it has more than once been rumoured that her Majesty has directed her talents also to the pursuit of literature. The preface to the collected speeches of the late Prince Consort, if not actually written by her Majesty, was at least "inspired" by her; and her reputation for literary skill has on several occasions given ground to reports that her Majesty has intended that her name should be included in the roll of "Royal authors." A rumour of this kind is again current, and we understand that it is very generally believed that her Majesty is actually preparing a book of her own composition for the press, and is moreover engraving the plates by which it is to be illustrated.

The grand fancy ball given by Mr. Sholto Vere Hare, the Master of the Ancient Society of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, and his amiable and accomplished lady, in the noble hall of the Guild, King-street, was one of the most brilliant reunions ever witnessed. As the guests entered the vestibule in Marsh-street, the full grandeur of the scene burst upon their view with all its grace, beauty, and brilliancy. Nature and art combined their thousand charms to add to the gorgeous character of the fête, which nothing could surpass, if equal, in tasteful magnificence. Nothing that "mechanic fancy" could devise was wanting to complete the elegant effect presented by the *tout ensemble*. As far as the eye could scan rare exotic plants, richly-wrought artistic decorations, paintings, statuary, and flowers lent a charm to the brilliant spectacle, while rich mirrors tastefully enshrouded in ferns reflected on every side the beauty of some of the fairest of England's daughters. Giving effect to all this was the gorgeous splendour of the dresses worn by the representatives of nearly all the fashionable residents of Clifton and its neighborhood. Many of the costumes, representing well-known and historic characters of centuries back, seemed to blend the romance of the past with the utilitarian character of the present age, and reminded one of the not unworthy part the ancient guild of Merchant Venturers and the noble hall itself had in some measure taken in the history of the past. Dancing was continued with great spirit until an early hour in the morning; and the guests departed, having highly enjoyed the festivities provided by their liberal entertainers.

A most atrocious story is just now in circulation amongst the beau monde, and we have it ourselves from a quarter which leaves not the shade of a doubt as to its authenticity. On Monday morning Mr. Charles Got (who is ordinarily famed for his late rising) was seen to leave—House at a little before eight o'clock; whence one of his curious fellow-domestics, walking through the hall-window, perceived him go up to a cab, which had evidently been waiting for him, and speak a few words to the driver before getting in. While the inquisitive servant was thus engaged, Lady Alice D—n passed hurriedly through the hall, lightly garbed, and carrying a travelling-cloak across her arm. Seeing his young mistress looking about, Mr. Screw, the butler, began to suspect that a certain piece of scandal, so freely discussed of late below-stairs was not without foundation; and hurrying up stairs, he broke in on the slumbers of the noble earl with a story of his "gentleman's" perfidy and his youngest daughter's weakness. His lordship hurried down-stairs in a great rage and a dressing-gown; but as the hall was vacated, they rushed out of the house, Mr. Screw leading the van, and succeeded in arresting the progress of the four-wheeler. It is needless to say that Mr. Screw's suspicions were verified. There was his lordship's gentleman and Lady Alice side by side! The distressing part of the story is that the noble earl could not even indulge in the pleasure of seeking his gentleman for three reasons: firstly his lordship's leg is puffed up to the dimensions of a fair-sized bolster with that fashionable malady, the gout; secondly, the insinuating Frenchman hinted that he would publish the little matter to the world if any indignity were offered him; and thirdly, the Frenchman's weight is about thirteen stone, whilst the noble earl—but that can be no reason after all—we all know that one John Bull is equal to three

Jean Crapeau, and an English David would face any French Goliath.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas Henry Clifton, only son of Colonel John Talbot Clifton of Lytham, and Miss Agnew, eldest daughter of Andrew Agnew, Bart., M.P., and Lady Louisa Agnew, took place the end of last week at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. A considerable number of relatives and friends attended to witness the ceremony. The bride, who arrived with her mother at twenty minutes past eleven, was attended to the altar by eight bridesmaids, including her five sisters—the Misses Agnew, Caroline, Louisa, Alma, and Constance Agnew—and the Misses Constance and Evelyn Wood, and Miss Evelyn Noel. Mr. Charles Duncombe, of the 1st Life Guards, acted as groomsmen. The religious rite was performed by the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, vicar of Exton and hon. canon of Peterborough. On leaving the church the bridal party proceeded to Claridge's Hotel, where a sumptuous *déjeuner* for 150 persons was provided. The company assembled in the Royal apartments of the hotel, and the breakfast was served up in the noble dining-room, which, with the other State apartments, many continental sovereigns have occupied on their occasional visits to this country. In one of the rooms the bridal presents were displayed, many of them of very costly description.

FENIAN UPRISING IN IRELAND.

TELEGRAPH WIRES CUT—POLICE BARRACKS ATTACKED—MOUNTED POLICE SHOT.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

CORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 14.

A Fenian uprising has taken place in the West of Ireland. From Kerry information has been received of numerous outrages and demonstrations. On Tuesday night the telegraph wires about Killarney, Headford, and Valentia were cut. The shore end of the Atlantic Cable was severed in several places, but it is understood to have been subsequently repaired.

A mounted policeman, conveying dispatches from Cahirciveen, has been shot. The rising in Killarney was to have been headed by Captain Moriarty, but in consequence of timely information the police were able to arrest him. Two persons, named Thomas Garde and J. D. Sheehan, were arrested at the same time.

Kells police barracks, eight miles from Cahirciveen, on the Valentia road, was attacked last night, and arms were seized. The bodies of police scattered through the rural districts and various small stations have been ordered to muster in the towns for the double purpose of preventing them from any danger of being overpowered, and for the better protection of the inhabitants and property of the towns.

We understand that the Government are in possession of intelligence confirming the above telegram. Lord Strathairn has already left for Ireland, and Lord Naas will probably leave in a few hours. There seems to be good reason to believe that the affair at Chester was intended to be the signal for a general rising, in the expectation that the Government would be fully employed in keeping the peace in London.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

An abundant supply of wholesome water for the use of the inhabitants of this vast city is not a matter of ordinary interest, but of the first importance for the preservation of health and vigour and the domestic comforts of the three millions in use, and the vast increase of the population as time rolls on of this "Wen-impos-thage," as our old friend of the Gridiron so happily designated the then growing metropolis of the British Empire. We use the word *wholesome* advisedly as applicable to that which we desire and can be obtained, because very little chemical knowledge suffices to prove that the term *pure* is inapplicable; it has no existence even in the purest of all supplies—from the heavens—and can only be obtained from that source by a chemical process in the laboratory in separating the extraneous matters derived from the atmosphere, or taken up by the watery vapours from the earth, which are held in suspension and absorption in rain. But we are reasonable beings, and do not desire impossibilities; if we can secure wholesome water, it will be hailed as a blessing for which the inhabitants will be grateful. At this moment there are several competitors for the public and legislative patronage in support of their different projects;—two of these eminent engineers suggest bringing the supply from a distance of two hundred miles. In either case a most desirable change would be effected, from pollution to comparative purity—from the poisoned waters of Lethe, to those of the bright, limpid, and sparkling rivers and lakes of North Wales and Westmoreland. The former source has been selected by Mr. Bateman, whose eminently successful achievement at Glasgow, in supplying that city with wholesome water by means of an aqueduct from Loch Katrine, a distance of nearly fifty miles, entitles him to the best consideration of those who will have to decide upon the merits of the different projects that may be submitted to them. Messrs. Hemans and Hassard propose taking the supply from the Westmoreland lakes; but these projects are opposed by Mr. Bailey Denton, upon a theory which may or may not be justified, that in all places the water will be wanted at home, and that the Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes will, as the manufactures of Lancashire and Yorkshire increase, be required to supply the mill-owners and manufacturers of those counties.

This objection, however, does not directly touch Mr. Bateman's project, which has reference to North Wales, while to Mr. Denton's plan of taking the supply from the river Thames as near its sources as possible, there are the most formidable objections, supported by nearly all the great chemists of the country. As far as we have examined the question, it does not appear that any one of the great lights of science, except Dr. Letheby, supports Mr. Denton's views, although it would be unfair towards the latter gentleman not to state that he, too, acknowledges the drainage of sewage-irrigated land must find its way into the rivers, and must pollute the streams, as no process of filtration, through clarifying the water, will deprive it of its poisonous qualities. We honour Mr. Denton for his candid admission of a fact which militates so much against himself; at the same time, we do not think that he has made it at all clear that his views could be adopted with safety to the public health, or to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of the metropolis.

Mr. Denton, moreover, declares that the idea of practically preventing the pollution of rivers is fallacious, for the sewage of towns must find its way into them, as well as the drainage of sewage-irrigated lands, of which system (irrigation) he appears to be an advocate. It is true that Mr. Denton speaks of the sources of the Thames as the spots from whence he would draw his supplies, but we do not see how, if sewage-irrigation is to be established as a general system, it will be possible to prevent the pollution of the very sources themselves. He argues that filtration through the soil by means of irrigation is the best of all processes for the purification of

sewage, admitting that it is not perfect, though, in draining into the rivers, it will neither destroy the fish nor contaminate the atmosphere, but that to draw our drinking water from such a source would be extremely hazardous. Neither the purifying effects of its trituration through the soil, nor the oxydising influence of the atmosphere on running water, can destroy the poisonous matter of the excreta of towns. Dr. Letheby believes (though belief is not a term to be found in any chemical cyclopædia, nor in the science of chemistry, which requires facts as arrived at and confirmed by repeated analysis), that "by irrigation, precipitation, filtration, dilution, and oxydation the ordinary sewage of a town may be so defecated by easily managed chemical processes; when it is mixed with not less than twenty times its volume of good water in a river, and has a run of eight or ten miles, it is not merely harmless, but is (we suppose he means its poisonous qualities are) actually destroyed, and the water is fit for domestic use." These are not very easy objects to accomplish, even were they possible; but Dr. Fuller, opposing the views of Dr. Letheby, says: "There are no reliable data on which to base an opinion as to the length of run which the water requires before its organic contents are removed into their elements, nor even as to whether certain living organic matters—such as there are good grounds for supposing the cholera germ to be—are ever destroyed or rendered innocuous by this agency." He even thinks it probable that "in slow-running streams like the Thames, many sporules and ova may retain their vitality almost indefinitely."

In support of this opinion we have the evidence of Dr. Cobbold, who has devoted many years to the examination of this important subject, and has, by means of the microscope, detected the ova, larvæ, and the fully developed parasitic insects in the London sewage, and who has prophesied, with every show of reason and scientific deduction, that whenever sewage irrigation shall be adopted as a system in this country, a new ontological disease the most horrible of all human afflictions, far surpassing any to which the British flesh is heir, must inevitably be introduced—an incurable disease also accompanied by the most acute suffering, while the invisible parasites are feeding on the human nerves, until they reach the brain, and release the wretched patient from his direful agony. Again we have the evidence of Dr. Voelcker, consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society, who says: "I have repeatedly analysed the clarified water of sewage after it has undergone the 'purifying' influence of irrigation, and, in the majority of instances, found such purified water, though clear and free from smell, almost as unfit for drinking, cooking, or washing purposes as it was in its originally-filthy condition."

The late eminent surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, when examined by the River Commission, stated, with regard to the process of oxydation, that, if we really meant to exercise it on the organic matter contained in sewage, we must needs take the offensive matter and boil it with nitric acid and chloric acid, and the most perfect chemical agents."

"Dr. Odling states also that, according to our present knowledge, it is practically impossible, by any artificial process, to render large bodies of sewage or contaminated water pure enough to be available for drinking purposes."

If we had space to enter into a discussion of the question of sewage-irrigation and its pernicious effects upon the health of the inhabitants of rural districts; its contaminating influence on the rivers, by the drainage from light lands; and its fever-generating effects when applied to heavy soils, from which it flows off into the ditches, as at Page Green, Tottenham, whence such serious complaints were recently made to the Privy Council by the Marquis of Salisbury and the inhabitants of the district, no doubt the eyes of the public would be opened to the risk of human life they are incurring, for an increase of agricultural products. Dr. Phipson, of Putney, the eminent Professor of Analytical Chemistry, had predicted this state of things, as appears from one of his papers, in the *Belgian Journal of Medical and Natural Science*, published in the early part of last year, in which he observes, that "sewage-irrigation is not capable of general application, but only to porous soils, and that when applied to clay lands it will poison the crops, and infect the atmosphere for a distance of several leagues."

The application of putrid matter (which ever abounds in sewage) to plants has been fully recognised by Baron Liebig as the cause of their disease—(see his letters on agriculture).

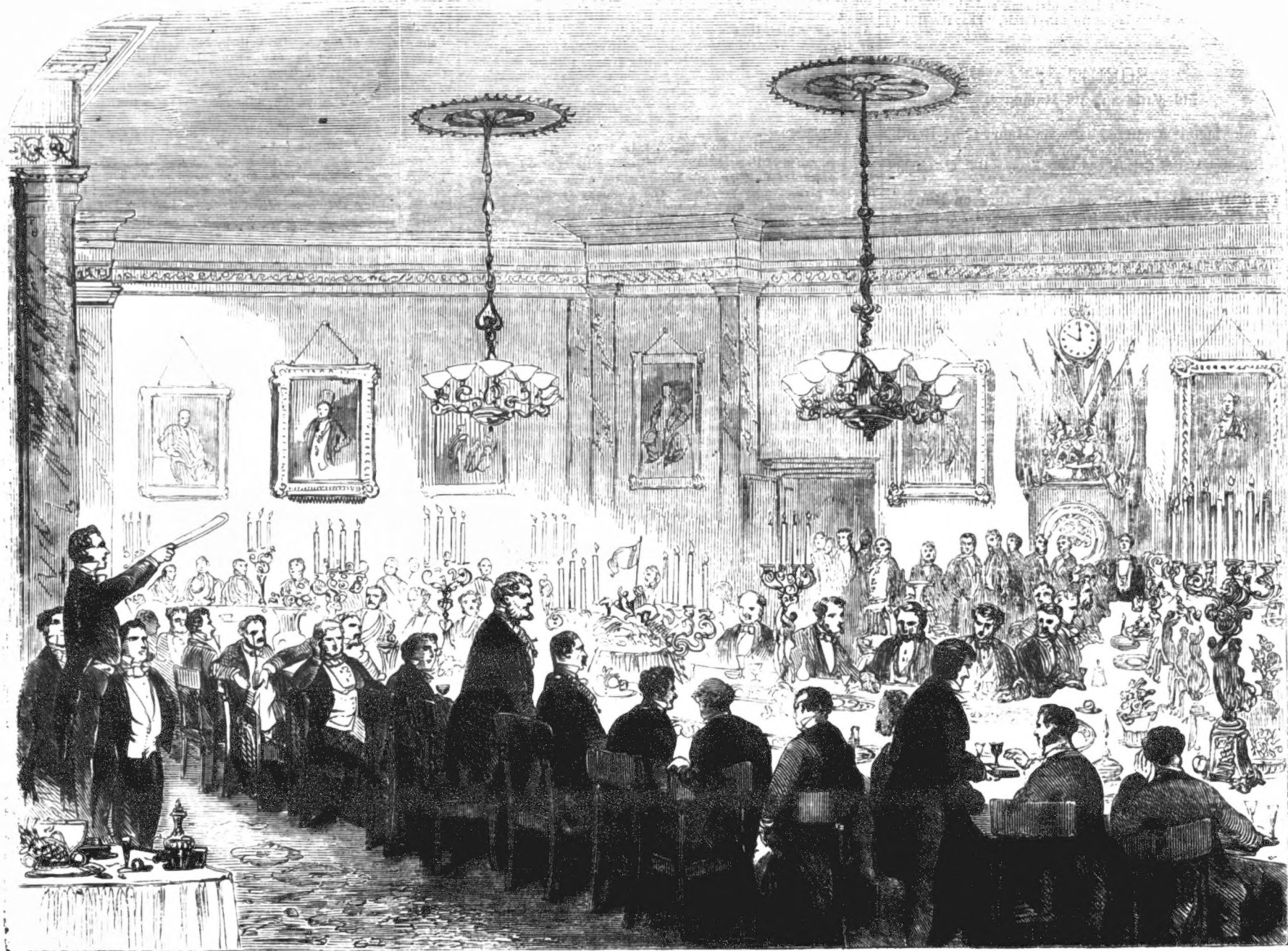
Want of space precludes our following out this subject at present, but we shall recur to it in our next impression, adding such official statistics as will clearly demonstrate the amount of misery and death occasioned by the poisonous quality of the water supplied to the poorer classes of the metropolis, during the recent outbreak of cholera, and the frightful sacrifice of life, engendered by a similar cause in a neighbouring country.

We call public attention to the fresh outbreak of rinderpest in this country, and the account of a similar disaster just received from Belgium, where, during the last week, it was deemed advisable to slaughter 1,000 head of cattle. Whence is this murrain? Whence this real plague to man and beast? Which, casting despair in the homestead of the farmer, brings misery and starvation to the hearths of the humbler classes. We opine,—and the day may not be far distant when our views may be confirmed by the lights of science—that it derives its origin from the impurity of the water, and the poisoned plants produced from sewage-irrigated fields. A gentleman who has devoted nearly twenty years exclusively to the study of this question, has already published the result of his experience, and has pointed out that one dairyman alone, in Edinburgh, lost ninety-two cows, in three years, from feeding them on the grass produced from the sewage-irrigated meadows of Craigintyney, near that city. This fact should suffice to put us on our guard; but we are slow in effecting both political and social improvements. Physical demonstration in the former, and public indignation in the latter (though the one would be powerless and the other impossible, with just legislation) seem to carry most weight with modern legislatures.

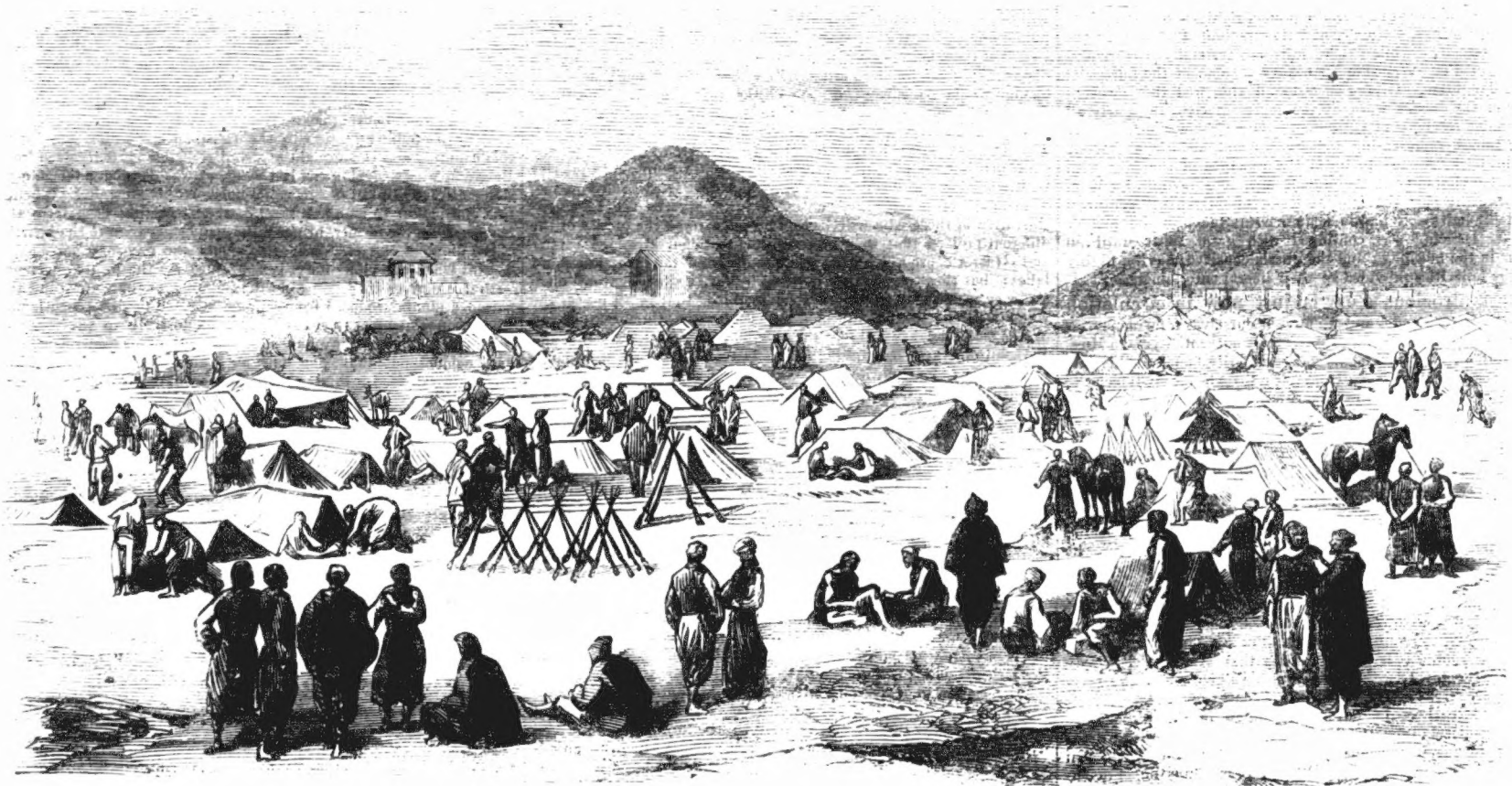
A thirteen year old Italian boy walked to Detroit from Chatham, Canada, a distance of forty miles, to see Ristori. Arrived at Detroit he pawned his harp to purchase a ticket, and unable to pay for a night's lodging, slept in a police station-house, satisfied with having seen the great genius of his native land.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Du Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalid and Infants' Food, the Revivente Arabica, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (Indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his Holiness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 4lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 24lbs. 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

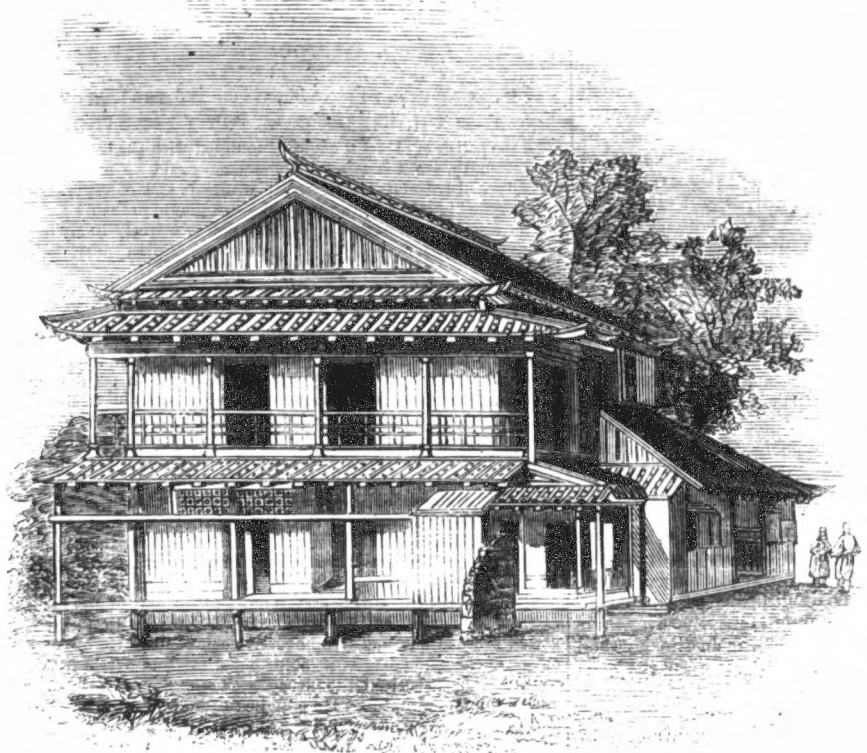
In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea is now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet signed H. Horniman and Co.—[Advertisement.]



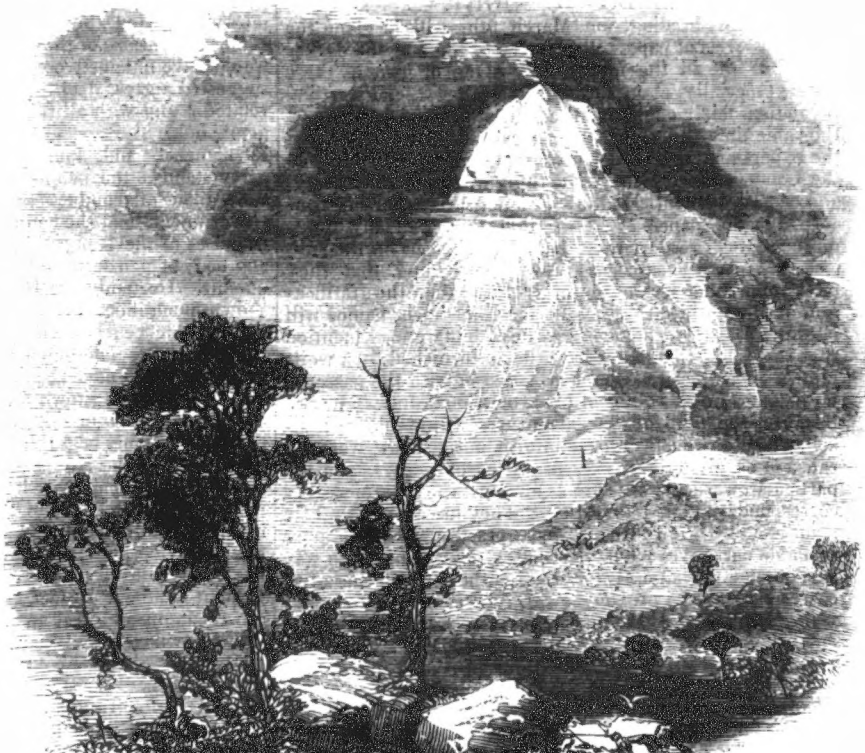
BANQUET AT THE ORIENTAL CLUB HOUSE. (See Page 11.)



THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION: TURKISH ENCAMPMENT NEAR CANEA. (See Page 18.)



JAPANESE HOUSE. (See page 30).



VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN OF FUSI YAMA IN JAPAN. (See page 30)

FENIAN RIOT AT CHESTER.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevailed in Chester on the 11th, owing to some rumours respecting an anticipated attack of Fenians upon the castle. From noon there was an extraordinary importation of young men, strangers to the place. They appeared to be chiefly between 18 and 25 years of age. In all about six hundred arrived, having been brought there by train from Preston, Manchester, Halifax, and other towns. The rumours and the sight of these young fellows in the streets have filled many of the inhabitants with consternation. It is said they intended attacking the castle for the purpose of providing themselves with arms and ammunition. The magistrates evidently attached great importance to the rumours, for they met, under the presidency of the Mayor, and intimated that they would continue sitting throughout the night. Special constables were sworn in; the police moved about with a greater show of strength than they exhibit in ordinary times; and the volunteers were said to be ready to assist them. A company of soldiers was sent for to Manchester. The jewellers were cautioned to keep their shops closed. The principal thoroughfares of the city were crowded by a curious and seemingly perplexed multitude of people.

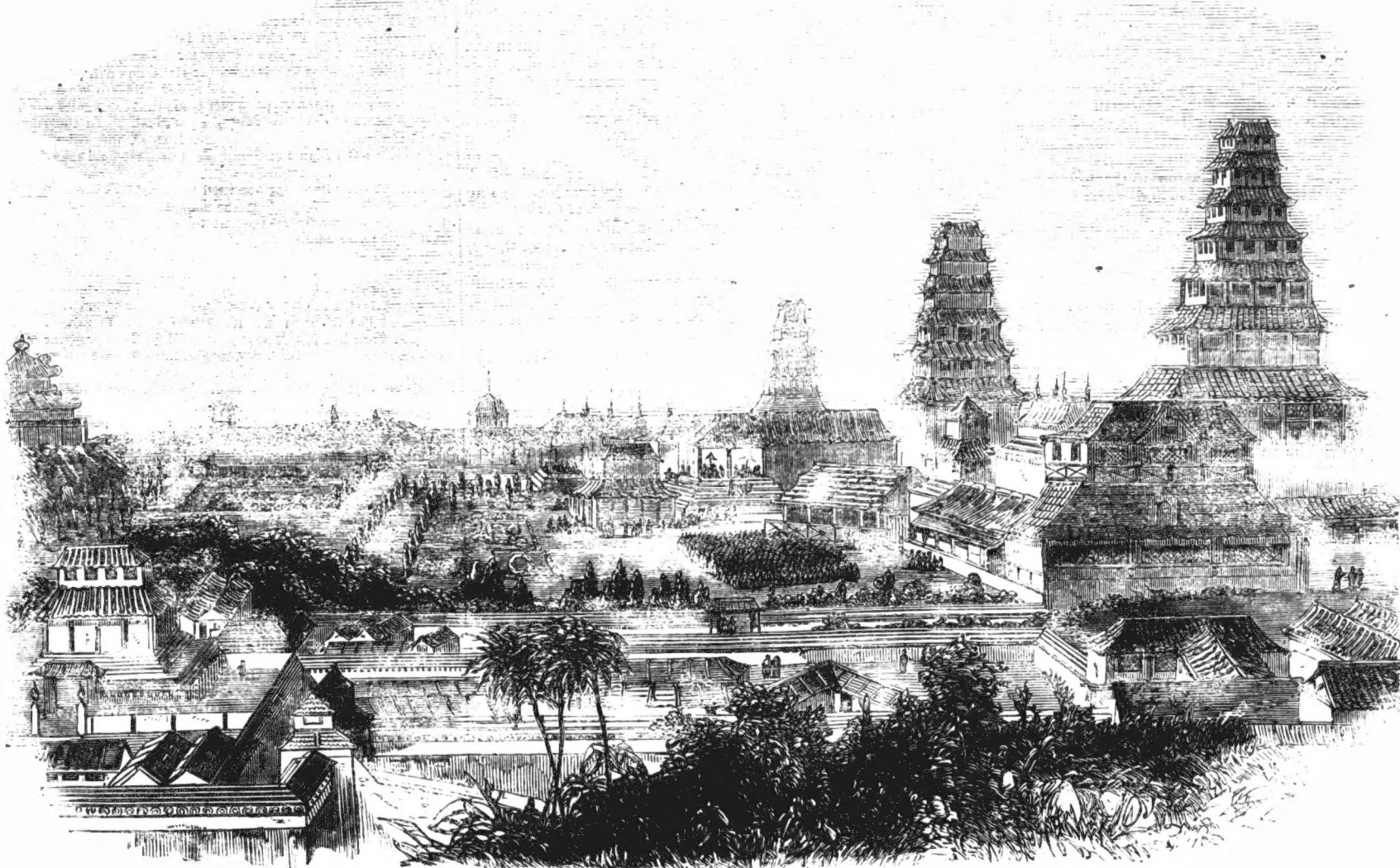
A member of the Liverpool detective police force warned the county and city authorities at Chester at so unseasonable an hour as half-past two on Monday morning that an attempt would be made by persons connected with the Fenian conspiracy to take forcible possession of about 400 stand of arms belonging to the Chester Volunteers. These arms are usually kept in a small building which was formerly used as a cockpit. In consequence of the warning, they were removed to the armoury at the castle, and an application was forwarded to Manchester, by telegraph, for a detachment of soldiers. During the morning a large number of roughs of the Irish and Yankee type arrived at Chester from Manchester and Liverpool. The soldiers, who were in the city barracks, were held in readiness for whatever service it might be necessary to call upon them to perform, and the volunteers were also called up. About 250 rifle and 50 artillery volunteers promptly answered the call, and were quartered in the barracks until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, owing to the arrival of troops from Manchester, they were dismissed, but not until all had been sworn in as special constables. Two persons, who were suspected of being concerned in the alleged Fenian conspiracy, were apprehended.

Early on Tuesday morning a regiment of the Guards, 600 strong, were marched from S. George's Barracks to the Euston-square

station, and were despatched at 1.30, per special train, for Chester. Sentries were despatched to the colonel and the other officers of the regiment who were suddenly summoned to join their command.

A Scotch minister, in the performance of divine service before the Lords of Session, apparently very anxious to discharge the etiquette duties of the pulpit in a way to command their approbation, after praying, as in duty bound, for the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the rest of the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, the Judges and nobles of the land, continued—"O Lord, bless the Right Honourable the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and those who sit in council with them!" Although this is a form of prayer not sanctioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when the preacher was about it he might have completed the prayer in full heraldic style, and made it "The Right Honourable William Chambers, Esquire, of Glenormiston, holding of the Queen by a white rose, Chief Magistrate of this great and popular city."

Mr. Robert Grant Watson, Second Secretary at Buenos Ayres, has been transferred to Rio de Janeiro.



THE TOWN OF MIA KOA, JAPAN. (See page 30).

LONDON BY NIGHT.

UNDER this heading, on March 9th, will be given the first of a series of papers illustrative of some of the darker scenes of life in the metropolis. One or two of these papers especially, may, for thrilling interest, and startling revelation, fairly challenge the wildest page of fiction. At the same time the chief interest will rest in the fact that the papers are the plain, unvarnished records of night in the London streets—that everything will be strict veracity, and can be authenticated by the person or persons concerned in the paper. We mention this, that any of our more sceptical readers may, by addressing us on the subject, be speedily satisfied; always providing that they have some more serious object in view, than the gratification of mere idle curiosity. In most instances names will be suppressed for obvious reasons; but we may mention that several of the papers have been furnished by a well-known civic official,* who has fallen in with the passages he narrates in the course of his professional duties. In two instances the hero of the adventures will speak for himself. These, we may at once inform our readers, were the cause of us giving the present series of papers, and the particulars were forwarded to us amongst the mass of weekly correspondence for publication. They have been slightly elaborated by a few strokes from a practised pen into more readable narratives; but the matter has been in no way exaggerated nor altered. We are authorised by these two correspondents, to use our own discretion in giving their names and addresses to any inquirers. Several papers of our "London by Night" are the researches of a gentleman who has spent an incalculable time in those out-of-the-way haunts of the London Arabs, which few of our own condition would have the courage to penetrate. Those papers, however, which can be more easily authenticated, will obtain the first place in our columns, and the series will commence with a most astounding relation, entitled

Resurgam.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

MR. DISRAELI'S PROPOSALS.

If there is one thing of which the nation is proud, it is its country gentleman. They hold a place in our estimation, not because they are considered acute, zealous, or intellectual. Perhaps they are looked upon by many to be somewhat wanting in readiness, and are said to be lacking in much of that tact so essential in this age of steam and telegraphs. The country gentlemen of England are endeared to us on account of their possession of old family names, associated with high and untarnished honour and great deeds, expressive of independence and generosity. Mr. Disraeli is supposed in great degree to represent their political views and feelings. He is, in the House of Commons, the chief of their party, and in a measure has their political honour in his keeping. On Monday night he delivered his manifesto with respect to the Conservative intentions regarding the representation of the people. Has that address been in keeping, at least, with the dignity of those for whom it was uttered, and has the country generally reason to be satisfied?

The explanation made by Mr. Disraeli was a long and a somewhat laborious one. One-half the speech was an ingenious argument against the previous reasoning of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In one breath he attempts to show the beauties and utility of party government, and in the next, he is just as felicitous in trying to prove that it is better on the present occasion to disregard it. He says, "it is expedient that Parliamentary Reform should no longer be a question which should decide the fate of Ministries." The admirable audacity of this candour is only to be realized by recalling the history of the year 1866. The death of Lord Palmerston gave to Earl Russell the Premiership, and Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the House of Commons. No man ever entered on a more difficult task or a position requiring greater indulgence. He actually was leading a Palmerston majority of 70, but yet a Parliament virtually not pledged to Reform, and one of whose constitutional elements politicians could know but little, it being a new House. The Queen in her speech from the Throne in 1866, used many words about Reform, as she has again this year. Mr. Disraeli speaks of their graciousness on the present occasion, appearing to forget they had ever been used before, and on this account urges that "Reform no longer should decide the fate of Ministries." Had this sentence been expressed but a year ago, the country would have called him a great patriot, and a disinterested statesman of justice and liberality. They thought he was out of office, and was shivering for the warm home of the Chancellorship. Now he is in power, and must invent poetic sentiments, by which the conduct of his rivals he hopes will be governed so that they may be kept out in the cold shade, not of opposition, but of unwilling assent. Had Mr. Gladstone chosen to sink his dignity as Mr. Disraeli has sunk his, the former would have been now in office, and leader of the House of Commons, in lieu of being the leader of what is technically called the opposition. It was well that the mystery should have been so long kept. The Derby-Disraeli Government, we must confess, have acted with great cleverness. They first get possession of the

public ear by proposing a large number of beneficent social measures. Had the world become acquainted with the Reform intentions of the Government previously, Ministers would have obtained credit for nothing. Now they have suggested a great deal that is very wise and that is much wanted. But with all this what position can the Government hold in respect of their own party in and out of Parliament? and, moreover, in what position can that party stand to the people of the realm? By every possible plan of conduct the Conservatives get into the Government, and the country, which is very weary of the promises of the Whigs, is happy to give its countenance to any body of men desirous to act with prudence, diligence, and honour. Certainly the Derby-Disraeli Government have shown much diligence, and evidently in their own opinion much prudence; but what of their honour and their position as holding a dignified course? Though the Conservatives since 1852 have been little in power, more or less, the nation has always shown for that party a certain reverence and esteem. From this time that especial reverence and that esteem must be a thing of the past. Mr. Disraeli has come down to the House of Commons and has told every section of that body that he is prepared with Lord Derby to become a kind of Chief Registrar of the wishes and intentions of that assembly. Should Mr. Bright carry a motion giving household suffrage the Ministry will tacitly obey the will of those whom they have opposed times without number. In fact Mr. Disraeli proposes, so that he can retain office, to eat any number of leeks whatever their growth or flavour. Whether they come from the hot-bed of Radicalism, or the cold plains of Whiggism, or the conservatories of Toryism, or are taken out of the darkness of the Cave of Adullam; all will be the same to the palate of Mr. Disraeli so long as the bread of office may be eaten therewith. In his hunger we must feel for him. But even hunger may be satisfied at too dear a price. Already he has done something to pacify it, for he has commenced by eating his own words with a gusto and grace most astonishing. We must all admire the consummate smartness of that gentleman, though all must equally deplore a fact which shears from one party of the State much of its honourable excellence and much of its character for that which is brave, exalted and chivalrous.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will move a series of Reform resolutions, and whether they be acceptable to the House, or otherwise, the Government will still keep their places. All that is desired is that the discussions upon them may educe measures either Radical or Conservative, and that when the Parliament has declared itself the Government will record, with the readiness of servile penmanship, the desires of those who support or oppose them. One thing that these resolutions teach is, that the Conservatives adhere to the franchise being based upon a principle of rating. A month back it was rumoured that the present Government would propose the suffrage for all renting houses. This rumour is, therefore, disposed of, as renting, and not rating, would govern household suffrage.

In Resolution No. 5 it is asked that a plurality of votes should be recognised as a principle. This idea is not original outside the doors of the House, but we believe it is quite so as regards its being proposed in Parliament. As a matter of course, this suggestion may be a very liberal one or a very restricted one, as by giving with one hand it may simply take away with the other. Though under the plan of a plurality of votes every man in the United Kingdom might possess a vote, yet in consequence of those having property possessing in proportion to their wealth a plurality of votes, the working orders might be worse off as regards actual representation than ever. Again, in Clause No. 13, it is requested that a Royal Commission may be issued, so that a scheme of new and enlarged boundaries of existing and other boroughs may be submitted to Parliament. The meaning of the last proposal is simply that the Government are of opinion that nothing can be done as to the passing of a Reform measure in its entirety, at least until the autumn of this year, or the commencement of the next, as the result of the inquiries by a Commission could not possibly be arrived at for several months. After all, this is the Government's suggestion, and it may under present circumstances be worth something or nothing. It admits to have no real substantial policy. Had it, it would not ask for the advice of its enemies.

Though the course that ministers are pursuing is neither a bold nor an elevated one, we believe it is one that, while redounding in no way to the honour and splendour of English Government, it in the end will work good in the common cause. All this apparently feeble policy proves one thing, namely, how strong the enlightenment of the people is growing, and how necessary it is on the part of the present Cabinet, at any sacrifice, of erect bearing to conciliate the public demands. Had Mr. Disraeli, out of his own subtle mind, proposed a comprehensive measure, logical and equitable, and had Parliament not accepted it, he would have appealed for justice to the whole British people, and his appeal would not have been in vain. He is prostrate, and is willing to be a servant of others. Far better had he become the master of a position by a bold advance worthy of a great cause, and of the progress of a great people who have retentive memories and generous minds.

ENTRANCE TO THE SILVER MINES OF KONGSBERG.

SWEDEN is particularly rich in its mineral products, and amongst its most famous mines are those of Kongsberg, a town situated about seventy-two miles from Christiania. An engraving of one of the entrances of a silver mine here, will be found on page 28. These mines were discovered in 1625, and are now extensively worked. The other mineral products are iron (the best in Europe), copper, cobalt, zinc, lead, antimony, gold, alum, nitre, sulphur, &c. Of iron, copper, and lead, the first is the most abundant, and lead the scarcest of the three.

ODD GOSSIP ABOUT STRANGE PLACES.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR.

No. 1.—"A HOUSE OF CALL FOR THE AUTHORS."

If the polish of Hazlitt could be mingled with the lively humour of Goldsmith,—if the terseness of Bacon could be added to the vivacity and truthfulness to nature of Steele and Addison, and be concentrated in one gifted individual,—we should probably possess a perfect essayist, but as such a combination is scarcely likely to take place, the gentle readers of the present generation must be content to

"Take the goods the Gods provide them."

and be thankful for small mercies when great are conspicuous by their absence.

Those prefatory remarks are by way of apology for the following series of papers upon a few strange places whose peculiar lights have long been hidden under more or less impenetrable bushels.

Those who have visited, or let us say frequented, the Reading-room of the British Museum, know that it is thronged by a motley assemblage. There are well-dressed students, and many who from their threadbare, out-of-elbow appearance, either affect a total disregard of conventionalities, or have in disgust long since closed their overdrawn accounts at their banker's. In a sacred corner are a few Corinnes, who run a race with one another for the "Bastille," with here and there a damsel who surreptitiously reads forbidden French love stories impossible in the innocent atmosphere of her own home. At all hours the stream flows in and out of Mr. Panizzi's mighty book-case. Let us follow that gentleman with a grey coat, a well brushed hat, and scrupulously clean boots. He has a slight stoop in the shoulders as if accustomed to bend over a desk; his eyes having no celestial tendency, seek the ground like those of ruminating quadrupeds. He has just completed an article for the *Daily Banner*, a paper which considers itself a power in the State, and he is thinking what he shall say about Reform and Beale, M.A., and his congenial Odgerses and Potters, for a leader in next week's *Saturday Slasher*. After walking a little way down the street he turns aside from the gilded railings of the Museum, and enters an old-fashioned tavern which has evidently gone through dirt to dignity, if one may judge from its dingy exterior. This is known familiarly as "the widow's" and is a house of call for authors who feel that the fire of genius is in danger of expiring unless it is sustained by the dew of Ben Nevis or *Virus Cognac*. In strict justice, however, we are bound to admit that there are other inducements for visiting the widow's than that of dram drinking. The facile contributor to the *Daily Banner* will probably meet that clever and well-known serial writer whose fertile brain has long enriched and adorned the columns of the *Domestic Delight*. Near him, rapidly succumbing to the influence of repeated "cold gins," is another well-known gentleman, whose tales, written under the *nomme de plume* of Lord Claude Fortescue, have in the pages of the *Halfpenny Tempter*, delighted the town and gave the million such a veracious insight into the manners and customs of the Upper Ten. We are now supposed to have entered "the widow's." Round the bar are standing the celebrities we have mentioned, and many more. The journalist who has introduced us, is cordially welcome, and contents himself with a glass of stout and a sausage. A little man, of light complexion, whose voice has a sound like that of a Japanese guitar when strummed on by native fingers, approaches the journalist and asks him if he will stand anything. The great man refuses on the ground of impecuniosity, and the little man finds that he has unnecessarily humiliated himself. He turns pale, as vis on of long ago borrowed but still unpaid sixpences rise before him. He recognises the mournful fact that he has gone to the end of his tether, and that no more eleemosynary grogs will be bestowed upon him by the great writer of leaders. A little further on is the versatile editor of the *Penny Picman*, a periodical circulating chiefly amongst the lower orders of society. This paper has lately amalgamated with the *Great Unwashed*, and is now advocating an extension of the franchise, which it claims as a Democratic right, and not, as Mr. Disraeli calls it, a popular privilege. The editor prides himself upon his answers to correspondents; the fact being that the replies are generally inaccurate and always ungrammatical. To the right we detect the genial countenance of Mr. Linner, the artist, who has spoilt more wood than a moderate sized house would take to build. His pictorial women are always alike, and people say are faithful portraits of his wife as she appeared in those days when Mr. L. led her to the altar. His forte is the delineation of human beings in a state of dissolution brought about by physical violence. His incised wounds are admitted by the faculty to be exact anatomical studies, and he can sever the carotid artery with the grace of an accomplished cut-throat. Engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Linner is another artist who has devoted the whole of his undeniable talent to the well-developed figures of ballet girls and actresses. His Menken we thought a work of art. His Eve in the *Biche au bois* is still spoken of, and he is at present engaged on Cora Pearl as *Cupidon at the Bouffes*, and a grand character group representing Mr. Gus. Harris's incomparable "Forty Thieves" at Covent Garden. That man who drinks with everybody and never puts down his glass until it is empty, is the talented author of the "Frantic Princesses of London: or, the Wild Mohawk of the Starless Night," which appeared in penny numbers and has not yet arrived at the dignity of being bound. Miss Braddon says somewhere that the penny public like their literature as they like their pudding in penny slices. The gentleman whom we have the honour of now placing before our readers, is the great high priest of this section of the community *de Mini Mis non curat leo*. We may say that occasionally literary talent does not care for trifles, such as dress for instance. Observes, the author of the "Frantic Princesses," his coat is profusely ornamented with that delicate substance of doubtful origin and obscure end, that men call fluff. The use of a brush is discarded as a vanity, and a clean collar is clearly a pomp. The nap of his hat is restless. The Yankees speak of whiskey in the hair; does it, we wonder, ever get into one's hat. He is now engaged on the "Fearful Phantoms of the Isle of Dogs: or, the Dark Demons of the Dismal Ditches." He is fond of alliteration, as will have been perceived, and is thinking of suggesting to an enterprising publisher "The Wierd Wanderers of Wenham Lake and the Ice Islands of the Inland Sea." His greatest success was the "Red Cripple," published some years back with "The Unwelcome Intruder," with which was incorporated the "Weekly Visitor." Leaving him, we come to an individual of a very wild not to say formidable aspect. He is commonly reported to have long resided amongst the Polynesians, and to have been intimately acquainted with those experimentalists in gastronomy, myelept Cannibals. His hair is unkempt and his mode of locomotion is that of a gouty bear. His fame rests principally upon tales of travels, such as "Below the Surface: or, A Voyage inside a Shark

* The name of that intelligent and plain-speaking member of the detective force, Inspector S—f—d, will satisfy many thousands of the more curious, and perchance afford them an additional interest in the articles.

from Labrador to San Francisco," with a few words on Jonah. His "Lost among the Wahabees and found on the top of Snowdon," was also a great success, while Messrs. Pottiton and Pegaway, his publishers, are said to have sold five thousand copies of his "Invisible Krakin," in less than a month. That tall man who affects a Dundreary manner, has a three years engagement on the "Sere and Yellow Leaf," an old maids' journal. He is writing an affecting tale of the Richardson kind, and he has come to the museum to read Pamela. Near him is Mark Anthony St. Asaph, who is chiefly remarkable for being related to some men of the same name who are a limited to be writers of talent.

The busy bees in this hive do not stop very long at the widow's. They start for the museum and leave the drones to hang about the bar and smoke short pipes, until they come back again, for it is a sacred duty to have a final "drain" at the widow's before they separate and pass out into the growing darkness, made visible by the sickly glare of the street lamps.

LONDON GOSSIP.

The vacant Colonelcy of the 17th Lancers will be given to Major General C. W. Balders, who formerly commanded the regiment.

The Rev. T. Keble, Jun., intends publishing an edition of the *Christian Year* without the verses for Gunpowder Treason, King Charles the Martyr, and the Restoration of the Royal Family, which have recently been so much objected to.

It has often been asked what becomes of the toast that one sees day after day, from Christmas to Midsummer, under the seakale and asparagus? An answer to this question has at last been found. It is now proposed to form a Limited Liability Company, for the purpose of fattening chicken on the said toast.

Mr. Edwin Alfred West has been appointed to be writer in the Customs. Messrs. William George Butler and Sam Arthur Taylor, having been two of the first five in a competition of fifteen candidates, to be clerks in the India Office. Mr. William Ringland Stapleton, having been first in a competition of three candidates, to be sub-inspector of national schools in Ireland.

Sir John Burgess Karslake, Solicitor-General, was elected a member of Parliament for Andover, on Monday, without opposition. Mr. Loader, who issued an address on Friday week, stated at the nomination that he had not met with that success he anticipated, and compared himself to a skater, who, when the ice broke, found himself rather cold. Mr. Loader addressed the electors at the White Hart Hotel, on Saturday evening last. There was a fair meeting, but no resolutions were passed.

The proposal of the Recruiting Commission to make the recruiting of the Army a distinct department, with an officer of rank at the head who would give his exclusive attention to the subject, has been objected to, the Horse Guards thinking that the business should continue to be under the Adjutant-General's Department. Is it because the Deputy-Adjutant-General has not work enough to do, and Whitehall is teaching Pall-Mall a lesson in economy? Impossible! What is the cause? Great curiosity has been excited in military circles to learn the reason why a proposal so universally approved of should be thus condemned.

Mr. Edmond Beales writes to the *Times* to say that his words at a Reform League meeting the other night about treating the members of the clubs to-day to such a demonstration as might be fitting, had not the meaning which has been attributed to them. "I did not use those words," he says, "or any words conveying, or intended to convey, the meaning attributed to me of suggesting demonstrations towards the different clubs. I have always discouraged such exhibitions. At the meeting in question I stated at some length my reasons for persevering in the demonstration of Monday. Of these reasons you did not think proper to give any report, but you misreport a mere casual observation made by me more in jest than earnest at a later period of the meeting. After mentioning that an arrangement had been made for the greater part of the procession passing in line, and in front of the carriages which were to be drawn up before the Duke of York's column in Waterloo Place, I added laughingly, 'if you give me such a demonstration of cheers in passing, it will, no doubt, be acceptable to the clubs, and a fitting sound in their ears.' The remark was received in the same laughing and good humour with which it was made, and I have no doubt but that the same good humour will prevail on Monday."

A London club that once wished to expel a member had no bye-law to enable it to do so; so, things growing to an unbearable pass, the members met one evening, and formally agreed to dissolve. On the following morning they waited upon the obnoxious member and informed him of their decision. "Very well, gentlemen," he replied, "as you please; but, inasmuch as you have not had the courtesy to summon me to the meeting, I am the club, and all its property is mine." They appealed to a law court, and, finding he was right, paid him a handsome sum for fixtures. The officers of the "Friendly Brothers" at Bloxwich—how is it that benefit societies who come before the police courts will have such suggestive names?—find themselves in a somewhat similar fix. Having a "Brother" who, upon some squabble about sick pay, summoned and beat them in a county court, they determined to dissolve, and out of the ashes of the old society to form a new one, consisting of "the younger members." But they neglected to obtain the assent of the legal number of members—that is, of all who were sick, and five-eighths of those who were either sick or in good health. The consequence is that the officers—being summoned again—were held responsible for all the club would have had to pay the obnoxious "brother" had it continued in existence, and are furthermore liable to three months' imprisonment for illegally dissolving the club.

The sleighing in New York has been splendid, and New York has made the most of the occasion. Fifth Avenue has been a wonderful sight. At all hours of the day and night—the moon being at the full—bells were ringing in the streets, and sleighs covered with magnificent robes and trappings, the horses resplendent in silver bells, &c., &c., were dashing up and down the thoroughfare; all was gaiety, animation, beautiful to the sight. In this most favoured part of the metropolis. There were sleighs with four horses harnessed to them, sleighs with horses driven in tandem, and lastly, more gorgeous than all, there was the magnificent boat-sleigh of the millionaire, Mr. Leonard W. Jerome—that is, a magnificently-decorated and painted boat, on sled-runners, with eight horses, splendidly caparisoned, and filled with the belles and beaux of the most select circle in the New York monde. Outriders in livery dashed along by the splendid turn-out, and they burned rockets and Roman candles as they passed swiftly up the fashionable avenue.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

The same intelligence asserts that the Porte has invited the Cretans to send delegates to Constantinople.

The cost of bringing home the French troops from Mexico is set down in the estimates at seven millions of francs.

It is said that M. Stephan Grove will be appointed Hungarian Minister of Commerce instead of M. Somsich.

Revolutionary pamphlets are circulating at Pesth, but they have produced no effect upon the inhabitants.

Telegraphic intelligence received at Malta announces that a destructive earthquake has occurred in Cephalonia. Lixuri is reduced to ruins, and the loss of life is appalling.

The betrothal of the Princess Mary of Hohenzollern with the Count of Flanders will be celebrated in Berlin in May next—probably on the 1st of that month.

In the Avenue de l'Alma an enormous hoarding has been utterly demolished.

It is asserted that the Prussian troops will only evacuate Dresden, when Prussia's authority to regulate the movements of all the Federal military forces shall have received indubitable and unconditional recognition.

On the evening of the 28th of January a Jesuit committed suicide by throwing himself from the clock tower of the Roman college. He was an Italian, thirty-two years of age, and is said, in the society, to have been deranged.

The King of the Belgians has met with an accident. On Saturday, while the King was riding on horse back, his horse gave a sudden start, by which his Majesty was unseated. The accident has had no injurious results.

The military conference of delegates from the States of South Germany has agreed to adopt the Prussian military system, with the sole difference that the length of the periodical attendance at drill for the Landwehr will be shorter.

The Dutch Government is said to have declared its readiness to give every facility to the three engineers appointed by England, France, and Prussia, to carry on separately their investigation with reference to the question of the barring of the Scheldt.

The *Liberté* says that a violent storm and hurricane have, during the last few days, caused great destruction at Paris. A great number of chimneys have been blown down; the streets that have suffered most being the Rue Saint-Honore, de Passy, du Dragon, and Bonaparte.

In the Place de la Concorde, a *rentier*, living in the Rue Miromenil, was carried completely off his feet and thrown to the ground, but he fortunately sustained no serious injury; but a female was blown down with such force that she had to be taken to the hospital.

An actor of the theatre of Lille attempted to commit suicide a few days back from disappointment in love, by inflicting three wounds with a knife in his breast before the door of a young woman who had refused to receive his address. The injuries are not of a serious nature, and he is in a fair way of recovery.

Telegraphic advices from Constantinople of the 11th states that a new ministry has been formed constituted as follows:—Ali Pasha, Grand Vizier; Fuad Pasha, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Mehmed Ruchdi Pasha, the late Grand Vizier, Minister of War and Grand Master of the Artillery; and Kiamil Pasha, Minister of Justice.

The latest advices from Constantinople state that, according to news received in that city from Candia, another body of Greek volunteers, 650 in number, had surrendered to the Turkish troops, asking to be sent back to Greece. The same telegram states that Coroneos and Zumbakakis were almost entirely deserted.

Another telegram from Athens dated the 9th inst. gives a different account of the insurrection in Candia, and asserts that Mustapha Pasha, on his return from Canea, was attacked and defeated by the Sphakiotas in the pass between Nipro and Askifo. It is further asserted on Greek authority that the insurgents have been victorious at Dilissi, Prasnero, and Anoghia.

An Imperial decree issued on Monday, orders the re-establishment of the 6th squadron in the regiments of Carabiniers, Cuirassiers, Dragoons, and Lancers, and the formation of a fresh regiment of African Chasseurs. The Ministerial report preceding the decree states that these measures are taken in the interest of the officers whose advancement has been retarded by the reduction made in the regimental cadres in November, 1865.

A sad occurrence has just happened at Monte Rocca Dona in Sardinia. The Mayor, Pietro Masala, who was highly esteemed, died, and the people wishing to testify their respect, hastened to visit the mortuary chamber. About a hundred persons were assembled in the room when suddenly the flooring gave way, and the whole of them, as well as the corpse, were precipitated to the lower store. The neighbours hastened to their assistance, and after some hours' labour they were extricated, but one woman was found dead, and several other persons more or less injured.

The *Moniteur* of Monday morning says:—"A journal has announced that the Government intended to submit the budget of the city of Paris to the examination and vote of the Legislative body. The Government, in fact, at the suggestion of the Prefect of the Seine, has undertaken a careful study of the question, but such a derogation of the legislative rules which control the settlement and voting of the municipal budgets does not appear to the Government to be required by any interests of importance. The news that the Government had under consideration the suppression of the octrois is totally devoid of foundation.

The following mems. from Paris are interesting:—The Emperor and Empress, who paid a visit to the Vaudeville on the 1st of February, have been pleased to congratulate the artists playing in the *Maison Neuve*, and have sent to Mlle. Targueil, the principal actress in M. Sardou's piece, a magnificent bracelet, enriched with diamonds.—Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve has been chosen to succeed M. Cousin, as editor of the *Journal des Savants*.—Up to Saturday last there had been sold 1,700 season tickets for the Universal Exhibition.—The day before yesterday Mlle. Adeline Patti entertained at her table a number of the leading journalists and diplomatists.—The Baroness James Rothschild is at Nice, in a very delicate state of health. When she is sufficiently recovered she will leave Nice for Rome.

THE TATTERSALL TIPSTER.

MONDAY'S BETTING.—TATTERSALL'S.

The attendance at Albert Gate to-day was moderately good, but there was again a marked absence of the "gentlemen" section, and probably it was from this cause that the bets booked were but a small per-centage on the offers made. The sudden and extraordinary retrogression of Christmas Carol at the clubs in the morning invested the movement on the Lincoln Handicap with a special interest. The offers against the quondam favourite gradually increased from 10 to 1 to 20 to 1, at which price a "pony" was invested, and some smaller outlays on the same terms were made. This opportune support led to a partial reaction, and one speculator offered to accept 100 to 6, but layers now limited their quotations to 100 to 7. Meanwhile Bismarck and Saccharometer were advanced to the front rank, the price being the same in each case, namely, 10 to 1 offered and 100 to 8 wanted, but no actual transaction came under our notice. The Chester Cup was all but barren of results, the only horse backed being Lecturer, about whom 15 to 1 was taken to a small amount; an attempt was made to lay against three in the same stable—The Duke, Gomera, and John Davis—but without effect. There was also a disposition to operate against Moulsey, and the comparatively liberal price of 1,000 to 30 was put up without a response. The Grand National was also devoid of anything like active speculation; 100 to 6 was offered in vain against each of the favourites, Surney and Columbia, and a solitary transaction effected about Shakspeare represented the sum total of operations in this direction. For the Two Thousand Guineas there could be no two opinions about the reinstatement of Plaudit in public favour. No wielder of the pencil would venture beyond the offer of 3 to 1, and the slightest concession on the part of bookmakers would have led to a large amount of business being done. D'Estournel retained his characteristic steadiness; 900 to 100 was booked in one bet, and the same odds were readily accepted in minor transactions. The somewhat stale endeavour to lay against Plaudit was renewed, a leviathan speculator desiring to operate in hundreds of "monkeys;" but the final offer of 18 to 1 provoked one reply only, that 14 to 1 would be taken to a small sum. Several inquiries were made after Dragon, and he would have been backed to win a good stake had the price suited; but the offers of 15 to 1 could not tempt an outlay. Hermit, as of late, was friendless at 18 to 1 offered, not a single voice being raised in his behalf. Nor was Marksman greatly fancied; a sorry bet or two was now and then booked at 20 to 1, but these offers were pretty numerous throughout. Grand Cross found a supporter at 2,500 to 100, and it appeared at one time as though his price was about to become less; but these odds were at the close forthcoming from more quarters than one. Taraban was in some request, for after 2,000 to 60 had been laid, 30 to 1 was asked for and could be obtained. Among the outsiders who bade fair to be backed was Harpenden, his intending supporter offering to accept 5,000 to 25, and, as will be seen by the quotations, the gap that kept layer and backer asunder was of the narrowest. The afternoon's transactions wound up with a bet of ten fifties against "The French lot," and the following were the quotations at the close:

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.			
3 to 1	agst	Plaudit (off, t 100 to 30)	
9 to 1	—	Julius (off, t 10 to 1)	
10 to 1	—	Marksman (off)	
12 to 1	—	Hermit (off, t 100 to 7)	
DERBY.			
7 to 1	agst	The Rake (off, t 8 to 1)	
9 to 1	—	D'Estournel (t)	
13 to 1	—	Plaudit (off, t 14 to 1)	
15 to 1	—	Dragon (off)	
18 to 1	—	Hermit (off)	
20 to 1	—	Marksman (t and off)	
25 to 1	—	Grand Cross (t)	
25 to 1	—	Master Butterfly (off)	

LONDON BETTING.—MONDAY AFTERNOON.

There was a numerous attendance at the Clubs, and a fair amount of business transacted. As soon as the betting opened on the Lincoln Handicap, it was evident that something was wrong with the favourite. His first downward stage was from 6 to 1 to 100 to 12, at which point a few investments were made; he then made another retrogressive movement, until 100 to 8 was reached, when a few more outlays were ventured upon; and after this he quickly fell to 100 to 5, and finally 100 to 3, at which price one gentleman laid about £50, without, however, influencing the horse's position in the slightest degree, as the same offers were industriously put about to the close. Of the remainder, Bismarck and Saccharometer were the horses backed for most money, they being about equal favourites. Mount Palatine, Copenhagen, Vigorous, and Sultan were also each entrusted with a little. For the Liverpool Grand National, Surney had the call, being supported at 15 to 1; and Columbia would also have been backed but for the difference of a single point between layer and backer. Cortolvin found a supporter at 33 to 1, and nothing else was done. For the City and Suburban, John Halifax and Gretna were each backed at 1,000 to 30, these being the only two transactions on that shelled race. The little speculation that took place on the Chester Cup showed Lecturer to be still the favourite.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

The betting on the Lincoln Handicap is somewhat brisk. For this event Christmas Carol came again, 8 to 1 being taken freely. The Beadle, Vigorous, and Moldavia were also backed; with the exception of 800 to 100 laid about The Rake, little else was done. Appended are the quotations:—

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.			
8 to 1	agst	Christmas Carol (taken freely)	
11 to 1	—	The Beadle (t)	
11 to 1	—	Bismarck (off)	
100 to 8	—	Saccharometer (off)	
25 to 1	—	Moldavia (t)	
LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL.			
25 to 1	agst	Havelock (taken and wanted)	
30 to 1	—	Whitehall (t)	
CHESTER CUP.			
1000 to 30	agst	Moulsey (off)	
DERBY.			
800 to 100	agst	The Rake (t)	
8 to 1	—	D'Estournel (off)	
1000 to 30	—	Taraban (off)	



THE GRAND MULETS. (See Page 29.)



LIEUTENANT BRAND, R.N.

COLONEL NELSON.

Sketched during their examination at the Bow-street Police-court.

THE OUTBREAK IN JAMAICA.

We this week furnish our subscribers with portraits of Brigadier-General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, taken in Court at Bow-street. The Jamaica prosecution has at length commenced proceedings, and Sir Thomas Henry the other day granted warrants for the apprehension of Brigadier-General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, upon one of which the latter gentleman was taken at Lane's Hotel; the General having consequently come up from Leamington and surrendered himself.

The detailed examination at Bow-street, which has been adjourned from day to day is too lengthy for our limited space, but in our next week's impression we purpose giving a condensed account of the whole proceedings at Bow-street, which will doubtless be terminated by that time.

We cannot conclude our brief notice without again reverting to the two portraits which were sketched in Court during the examination, and are admirable likenesses of both gentlemen.

THE JAMAICA TRAGEDY.

DESCRIPTION OF G. W. GORDON.

Mr. George Bruce has sent the following interesting letter to the *Ceylon Times*:—I suppose there are few or none in Ceylon who know anything of G. W. Gordon, except myself. I was perfectly well acquainted with him for many years, as well as with all who were murdered in the outbreak in Morant Bay. He was born upon Cherry Garden, a sugar estate in the parish of St. Andrews, near Half-way Tree, seven miles from Kingston; he was one of a family six mulattoes; their mother was an African slave belonging to that estate; they were all emancipated by their father, who was manager of that estate. George William Gordon, when about the age of 17, went into a mercantile house in Kingston, where he learned business. He afterwards had a shop of his own in Port Royal-street, and since bought the then abandoned estate of Cherry Garden, on which he had been born. He at one time sat in the House of Assembly for the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, but was unseated for infringing upon the privileges of the House and setting at defiance the Governor's prerogative. Mr. Gordon about that time joined the Baptist Chapel. In consequence of Mr. Gordon being expelled from the House of Assembly the military had to be called out and a general outbreak was apprehended. He was a tall raw-boned Mulatto, wearing spectacles, a black coat, and with a long face the very picture of sanctity. At this time he was one of the principal leaders of the Baptist faction; at the Ebenezer Chapel the harangues were always of a seditious tendency, and Mr. Gordon was one of the leading orators there and at other places in St. Thomas-in-the-East. Those who are acquainted with the history of Jamaica for the last six and thirty years, cannot well be in the dark as to what state that once fine country has been brought mainly through the Baptists. Witness the rebellion of 1831 when upwards of one and a quarter millions of properties were burnt—and many Europeans murdered, the mainspring of that deep-laid insurrection was Knibbs and Burchell, Baptist preachers in Montego Bay—and through Baptists the last

outbreak was caused. Any one who knows the natives of Jamaica as well as I do, will know that Mr. Eyre did nothing more than the emergency required, and he and such as he who act with promptitude and decision are only fit to govern such a colony of malcontents as he had to deal with there.

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the First.
PRIVATE INQUIRIES.

CHAPTER III.—WAITING FOR NIGHT.

AT nine o'clock one cold March morning a certain ragged young man, who had been passing the night under the "Dark Arches," crept forth and blinked at the sun.

He was very ragged; his face very dirty; his beard of a week's growth; but his hair was very short—to tell truth, suspiciously so.

If he had not been so dirty and so ragged, this young man might have been thought handsome. He had on such a shocking suit of clothes, there was no saying what sort of figure it concealed, but his limbs seemed straight, and his shoulders were broad. He had bright eyes, white teeth, and a face which, after a visitation of soap and water, might have been a pleasing one. But all this is mere conjecture. One thing was sure enough. As he came slouching out of his dark hiding-place, and stood there blinking, owl-like, in the sun-light, no one who had seen him could have had a doubt about the matter:—Jack Jeffcoat was a thief.

That morning there were plenty of people in a hurry to get to their work. Many passed by at a great rate in carriages and cabs; more inside and outside omnibuses, and more still upon foot. These were the busy bees who had the honey to gather, and were eager to begin, or seemed so.

Jack Jeffcoat was not very eager about anything. The day was young; his time was his own. The world was before him.

When he got up to the top of Durham-street he stood still once more, and stared listlessly westwards. That was the way to her Majesty's palace. He had no appointment with her Majesty. He had recently been her Majesty's guest, but it was not at the large house in the Green-park that she had so generously entertained him.

He turned his face eastwards. That was the way to the residence

of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor. He fancied that, perhaps, his lordship might be glad to see him about some little business recently transacted, but, somehow, he did not care to call.

What should he do? What could he do? What had he been doing any time these three weeks past? The sun was shining encouragement. It was just cold enough to make a brisk walk in good boots a very pleasurable exercise; but Jack's boots had no particular sole to them, and no heel to speak of, and were very queer indeed about the upper-leathers.

Yes, the world was before him; and it had been so for some time past. On the whole, he found the world too large and windy. He could have starved as comfortably, it seemed to him, in a more limited space. There were so many weary miles to be daily tramped. There were, though, large as the world was, several millions too many people in it, himself among the number.

Last night he had shared an arch with three others as ragged and woe-begone as himself, all of whom had risen before him and crawled away to pick and steal their day's bread—all with some sort of faint, glimmering hope that better times were coming. But Jeffcoat had no such hope.

He had a look about his face which it was bad to see. He had given up hoping. He cursed his life. He cursed the darkness and the light. He cared not a jot how soon he should be rid of an existence so bitterly hard to bear.

"How long is it to last?" he asked himself. "Shall I live out the week? Shall I live out to-morrow? Shall I break down and go and drown myself? That's the easiest way out of it."

He certainly was a very miserable specimen of a rogue and vagabond, and he was in a bad way, truly. He would have worked if the work had not been too hard for his strength and could he have got any work to do. He would have picked pockets had he been clever enough, or had he seen the chance of trying his hand for anything more profitable than a pocket-handkerchief. But he was honest because he was afraid of being caught. He had just left gaol, and the horror of going back was strong upon him, though, certainly, there he had a bed to lie upon and a roof to shelter him.

The way he argued, however, was this:—"If I steal to live, I am certain to be caught directly, and back I go to prison; out again when the time is served. In again, before a month's out, for a fresh job, and this time for a longer spell of it. Out again for a week or two; in again; out again; in again to gasp out my last breath, most likely, if I am lucky enough to get advice gratis and a funeral on the cheap. Otherwise, I may drop down at some street-corner, perhaps, or hide myself in some dry ditch, and die in the night, with only the stars to watch me, and not even them if it's foul weather."

You see our ragged friend was inclined to be jocose, though cynical, and to make merry, after a grim fashion, over his dismal prospects.

"But this style of thing is not worth living for," he continued; "this in and out of gaol, with a dry ditch for a climax—perhaps even a damp ditch—isn't worth living for; so if nothing turns up within a reasonable time I had better take the business into my own

hands and make a short job of it from the parapet of Waterloo-bridge."

He had settled in his own mind about this period that it should be the bridge in question. He might have used those of London or Westminster without expense, but "I shall surely get a halfpenny somewhere," he said, "and pay my toll to the other world like a gentleman."

He was perfectly serious when he thus communed with himself. "I'll give Fortune a fair chance," he had said the morning previous to that on which I have introduced him to the reader: "I'll give her another week, and if she stretches out a hand towards me before the seven days are gone, I'll start life afresh; but if she doesn't—bah, I'll go beg the halfpenny."

Thus, you see, he had, as it were, arranged his earthly affairs, and was ready to take a plunge into the unknown future at any moment it best suited his convenience. Poor wretch! he was so very ragged, so very cold, so very hungry, such a hopeless case of misery and wretchedness, we must forgive him his puerile profanities, since it pleased Heaven to let him live at all.

He had talked about another week, as I have just now told you, the day before that on which he crept forth from the Dark Arches and blinked at the sun; but when next morning came, and another long, weary day lay before him, he was inclined to alter his determination. Why should he wait a week? What was the good of it? Every day since he left prison something might have turned up. If something had been going to turn up it would have turned up before now.

No, he might go on in this way for a month if body and life could so long hold together.

"There must be an end sometime," he said; "why not at once? I must wait till night. I should be interrupted if I tried to drown myself during the day-time. Perhaps I should be dragged out and brought to. I don't want to die two deaths, when one will be sufficient. I will wait till to-night, and then drown myself quietly off the bridge."

While thus reflecting, unconscious of what he was about, but urged to quicken his pace by the coldness of the morning, he had got into quite a sharp walk, in which he pulled up suddenly, smiling as he did so. What was he doing? He was in no hurry to get anywhere; he had all the day to lounge about in, and was every jot as much master of his time as the finest gentleman in the land.

There certainly was one drawback to his lounging quite at his ease. He had had no breakfast, and had not a farthing in the world wherewith to purchase anything to eat.

"It's hardly fair of Fate to treat me so shabbily on my last day," he said, with a grin. "If I could only beg, borrow, or steal an odd shilling to help me through the next eight hours or so, till the darkness sets in, I could go out of the world like a gentleman. However, there is no knowing what may turn up."

He wandered along without any thought as to whether his steps were leading him, and came, in course of time, to a quiet, genteel square, into which, as he entered at one end, an elderly lady entered at the other.

She was richly dressed, and was followed by a tall and handsome footman, who carried a King Charles's spaniel, her property, with respectful tenderness a few yards in the rear.

"The sort of old lady who might have sixpence to give away," said Jack to himself. "It would be a sin not to make a trial."

He stood upon the curb-stone and waited for the old lady's coming, imparting to his pinched face a more miserable expression even than it wore in reality; then, as the lady approached, touched his battered hat and mumbled some indistinct appeal for charity.

"No, no; I've nothing for you," cried the old lady, sharply, and when she had gone by he heard her expressing her wonder to the tall footman that such dreadful-looking creatures were allowed about, and that if every one was her way of thinking that sort of thing would very soon be put down.

"Hard-hearted old wretch! I might have known by the look of her," muttered Jack, with a scowl.

Just at that minute a policeman came round the street corner, and the old lady stopped to speak to him.

"It's something personal, perhaps," thought Jack, and mended his pace.

In the course of his wanderings he found himself in a street in the City, where was being played the popular drama of Mr. Punch, and having no more profitable way of spending his time, he took his place amongst the crowd to watch the performance. It did not amuse him much, and he stared wonderingly at the smiling faces around him, more than at the antics of the puppets.

In front of him was a red-faced man, roughly dressed, and looking like a cattle-dealer, who was laughing heartily; and so absorbed was he in the show before him, that, pulling his handkerchief from the breast-pocket of his coat, he, without noticing what he had done, somehow jerked out also a small pocket-book, which fell at Jack Jeffcoat's feet.

A little brown leather pocket-book, secured by a small chain. It might have contained some valuable papers, for which a reward would be offered; or it might even have held notes or gold. However, there it lay for a moment, unnoticed by its owner or by anyone in the crowd but the thief, at whose feet it had fallen.

He might easily enough have covered it with his foot and waited for an opportunity of securing it. If he had been a moment sooner than he was in stooping, he could, unobserved, have picked up his prize—that is to say, had he had any such intention.

Strange to say, however, he looked at it without any feeling of interest. If he had any feeling about the matter, it was a feeling of gladness that its owner would lose it. As he stared at it, though, and saw it still lying there unheeded, he began in a dreamy way to debate with himself whether he should point it out to its owner or kick it away, and then at last he thought he would pick it up and give it to the man who had dropped it.

Stooping to do so, he pushed slightly against its owner and caused him to glance round, which he did just as Jack Jeffcoat rose to the surface with the pocket-book in his hand.

In an instant the man had recognised it; declared that the other had picked his pocket, and turning on him sharply, seized him by the collar and the wrist—

"Would you?" he said, "Not if I know it though. Give it up."

"I picked it off the ground," retorted Jeffcoat, savagely, "and was just going to give it you."

"Oh, yes," the man said, with a knowing grin, "Exactly so, and very kind on you too; see me drop it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"He see me drop it," the man continued, securing the pocket-book as he spoke, and feeling his other pockets with one hand, whilst with the other he still retained his hold upon Jack's collar, "and was awaiting handy with a notion as I should drop it; quite providential like."

"I'm speaking the truth," said the other, with an angry glare in his eyes. "You've got your book back, haven't you, and you've lost nothing. Take your hand off me, will you?"

"I've more than half a mind to see you locked up. That 'ud do you most good."

And this idea seemed to give general satisfaction among such as stood around, and had left off looking at Punch to watch this little real life drama, which promised to be more exciting.

"I haven't got the time to lose, though, you may thank your stars," continued the owner of the pocket-book. "There's no one has the luck of you vagabonds. And in course there's no policeman within a mile of where he's wanted."

"Take your hands off," repeated the other, trembling.

"Not quite so fast, my friend," said his captor. "You don't have it all your own way, you know, although you may not get the six months that's due to you."

While he spoke he settled his hat more firmly upon his head, and his brows contracted with a set determination.

"I'll put a mark on you, my fine fellow," he said, "as I'll pick you out by next time we run against one another, and it'll be letting you off cheap."

There was no doubt about what he meant to do. He had made his mind up to give Jack Jeffcoat a thrashing, or to try his best to carry out that intention.

Jack saw that it was no time to waste words in argument. He had no great hopes of being able to convince his captor or the spectators around that he was innocent, even if he could have told his tale at length; but he did not intend to tell any tale, or plead his cause more than he had done.

His breast swelled with rage at the injustice of the treatment to which he was being subjected. Why had he not stolen the book when he had the chance? No, he had thought fit to be honest, and this was how honesty was rewarded. He was a fool for his pains.

Was he, after being called a thief, to be drubbed as well? The man who held him in his grasp was much more powerful than he was, so much had want and misery reduced his strength. In a stand-up fight he could not have hoped to have come off victor, and most likely the crowd would assist on this occasion in belabouring him. His only chance, then, lay in the first move.

With his eyes firmly fixed upon his assailant, he waited and watched for his opportunity, and as the man raised his fist to strike him in the face, lunged himself forward with all his strength, and bore his captor down to the ground.

In another moment, however, he was on his feet again, and, cleaving his way through the crowd, took to his heels and ran with all his might; but almost as soon his would-be punisher had regained his equilibrium, and, furious at his disappointment, shouted loudly, "Stop thief," and started in chase.

A score of other voices swelled the cry. It was such rare sport to hunt this ragged creature down. The Punch-show audience, almost to a man, deserted Punch to join in the chase, bawling with all their might the "Stop thief" chorus.

But they did not run as Jack did. He was the hare and they the hounds. It was sport to them, and death to him. He shouted not, but husbanded his breath with jealous care, strained every effort to distance his pursuers.

A tangled labyrinth of crooked lanes and allies helped him. With the perspiration streaming down his face, with his heart throbbing as though it would burst, he still ran on, down one lane and up another.

The sounds of his pursuers' voices weakened in the distance, but yet he continued his headlong course. He still fancied that he heard them at his heels. He still fancied that the hand of the foremost was outstretched behind him within an inch of his collar, and giddy and bewildered, he panted on.

As he passed swiftly by, people tried to get a hold of him, and one, a burly ruffian, had struck at him, and sent him staggering forward half a dozen yards, without quite knocking him down. Once he had fallen, but had again regained his feet, and run on bruised and bleeding.

But at length he could do no more. Breathless and faint, he came to a standstill, in a deserted lane close to the river's edge, between the wall of a timber-wharf and the back of some great clattering, smoking manufactory, and here, resting against the wall, he listened and found that he was safe.

Perhaps, at the bottom of the lane, he thought, by the water-side he might find some place where he could rest himself.

"I only want somewhere where I shan't be hunted," he muttered, savagely. "Some hole or corner I can creep into to wait for night."

Slowly and painfully he now moved his aching limbs down the lane. He felt sick and giddy, and could scarcely see; yet he was sufficiently master of himself to keep from falling, and, helping himself along by the wall, came, at last, to the side of the river, where, sure enough, was just such a spot as he wished to find.

A very dismal spot indeed, but quiet and secluded. Here, under the lee of the factory-wall, was a small patch of useless ground, which, at high water, must have been covered by the river. It was now mostly covered by thick, black mud, from which s-uck up here and there the remai- s of broken baskets and ends of bottles, varied now or then by an old shoe, or a drowned dog or cat, horribly bloated by the water.

Nearest the wall there was a sort of island of oyster shells in the midst of the mud, and here lay several large pieces of wood roughly nailed together, and seemingly intended, at some past time, as a sort of landing-place from boats. Here, the hunted thief seated himself upon a log, and nursed his knees. Here, with his chin resting upon his hands, and his matted hair hanging over his white face, he looked a very miserable object indeed, and so mud-dirt in colour, that he was at a casual glance scarcely discernible from his muddy surroundings.

He could not, surely, have chosen a place where he was less likely to be disturbed by his brother loungers. A man under ordinary circumstances must have been hard put to it for a place to pass an idle half hour, who selected this remarkably dirty and deserted corner of the county of Middlesex in which to wile it away. Even the mud-larks seemed to leave it unexplored, and, to judge from the rich, ripe harvest of old shoes and other rubbish, the collectors of such like things neglected to call there when upon their rounds.

But it so happened that there was a certain person in the world whom chance sent strolling in that direction, and who, having a half-hour he was anxious to get through somehow, with as much amusement and with as little cost as might be, resolved to spend the time in throwing stones into the Thames.

This occupation is not strictly speaking, I am told, a legal one, though largely practised in certain circles. It is hard to say why it should find such favour with the loiterers by the water-side, but somehow it does seem to be a popular amusement, and to afford much gratification to those who practise it. It did on this occasion to our loungeur Number Two.

He was not what you might call, at least to judge by his appearance, a loiterer in society, or a man of fashion. It would, indeed, have been a difficult matter to have found a person who

looked less like an idle butterfly. He was fifty or thereabouts, a sallow-faced man, with hard features and iron-grey hair. About as shabbily-attired a person as one who was, evidently, not altogether careless of the world's opinion of him could be. His suit of clothes, which no old clothesman would have bought for half-a-crown, was surmounted by a hat that, to speak in flattering terms, might have served as Sunday best to a scare crow.

This stranger, however, carried a dropical umbrella, tied round with a piece of white string, and wore very old black kid gloves, through the finger-ends of which, in several cases, his own dirty finger-ends protruded.

The boots he wore were so thin and old that he made but little noise in walking, and he had, moreover, a cautious, creeping style of locomotion, so that he was able, coming behind people, to get close upon them before they were aware of his approach. In this way he came close up behind the thief, and flung a stone over his head into the water, then another and another, until, one falling short, fell in the mud close to Jeffcoat's feet.

Roused by this accident, and now for the first time aware of the other's approach, Jack turned suddenly upon him with his white face and ragged beard—a very ghastly apparition.

"Hallo!" cried the stone-thrower, starting back. "I did not see you before."

As Jeffcoat made no manner of reply to this speech, the stranger stared at him very hard, and not without some uneasiness—not altogether too sure, it would seem, that what he had seen was really flesh and blood, and not some phantom, born of his imagination. But he had soon settled this question to his satisfaction. He was not imaginative, and did not believe in ghosts; he therefore rested his elbows upon some wooden palings, which separated him from the spot where Jeffcoat crouched, and regarded him for at least sixty seconds with silent attention.

But at the end of this time an expression of recognition stole over his face.

"Jack Jeffcoat!" he said, "by all that's wonderful. My old friend Jack Jeffcoat, apparently reduced in circumstances."

At the sound of his own name the thief rose suddenly to his feet, and stood glaring at the person who had addressed him with something of the look of a hunted wolf.

"Isn't the world large enough," he asked, at length, "that we two couldn't live our little time out without crossing each other's path?"

"It seems not," said the stranger, with a malicious grin; "else of all places on earth we should not have met here."

"We can cut the interview as short as we choose, I suppose?" said the other. "Suppose you go your way and let me go mine?"

"To be sure; but why cut our interview so short? It's evidently an act of Providence that has caused us to come together this way. For my part, I have half an hour to spend, and surely such old friends ought to be able to pass as short a time in pleasant converse."

"I'll have nothing to say to you," cried Jeffcoat, savagely. "Leave me alone, man, will you, if you value your neck. I want to be quiet, I tell you, and to be left to myself. There's nothing between us, and need be nothing, but the hatred that has grown out of the knowledge of each other years ago. Leave me alone, I say, or I may do you a mischief."

The person addressed drew back, as these words were uttered in a wild, incoherent fashion which had something of madness in it.

"Don't disturb yourself on my account," he said. "You can stop and I will go. I might have felt inclined to help you, if you had been willing. No matter, go your own way, Jack Jeffcoat. I see you're as big a fool as ever you were."

He left Jack thus, and walked quietly up the lane, but when he had gone some hundred yards or so he stood still and looked back. Finding that he was unobserved, he burst out laughing and rubbed his hands with a sort of fiendish glee.

"He's in a bad way is Jack," he said. "He seems as though he was at his last. I prophesy of Jack that we shall never meet again."

But in this prophecy he was wrong.

Throughout the day, silent, almost motionless, the outcast crouched in very nearly the same posture as that which he had occupied when the other loungeur disturbed him. As the shades of night gathered over the river, the waters, beginning to rise, crept slowly upwards over the mud, until they reached his feet. Without troubling himself to move, he might very easily have been drowned here where he sat; but, though determined upon dying this death, strange to say he was fanciful about the time and place.

Therefore, he moved from the old woodwork higher up into the lane, and when it was quite dark left the river bank, but keeping as close as was practicable to the river-side, made his way westward.

He did not mean to make the attempt upon his life until some of the bustle and turmoil of the street had subsided; for he had still an idea of jumping off the bridge, but his long fast and fatigue and misery preying upon his mind, he began to grow vague and confused in his plans. Presently he had a dim sort of notion he was pausing, but he did not know for what, and found himself listlessly staring into the lighted shops in the Strand, without any object at all.

Whilst thus occupied outside one particular shop, a young lady dressed in deep black, passed by him thrice, eyeing him each time suspiciously, whilst at the same time through the glass door she seemed to be watching the movements of some one within.

Without appearing to notice her, and, indeed, hardly himself aware of it until afterwards, when he came to think over the circumstances of the case, he followed her with his eyes, and presently, when some one came out of the shop, saw her go hurriedly in and speak to the person behind the counter.

About what she had no notion. Afterwards, thinking it over he concluded that she must have asked the shopman for something of an unusual character, for he seemed to hesitate, and, looking very serious, asked several questions.

She did not raise her veil whilst she talked to him, but her answers appeared to be satisfactory, for he bowed and smiled. Then from a cupboard, which he unlocked, he took out a flat glass bottle and measured some white powder into a paper.

Putting this paper away into her bosom, she came out of the shop and passed hurriedly along the street, as though anxious not to be observed. Scarcely a dozen yards away, however, she stopped short, and retreating into a dark doorway waited to see whether she was followed.

The ragged creature who had been staring so persistently in at the shop-window was following in her direction quite, guiltless of any intention of dogging her footsteps, but simply, with a suddenly-formed resolve, he was making his way to the water's edge. He stared at her in the same dreamy way as he passed by, and she, when he had gone a few yards on ahead, looked after him anxiously. She seemed to think that he was following her to spy her

actions, and determined to thwart him by following in his footsteps instead.

It would have been a wearisome task to have followed this unhappy creature's purposeless wanderings throughout the day, but he was now rapidly nearing his journey's end.

He had still a vague idea that he must go towards the bridge, and that the time was growing short; but somehow he could not clear his head sufficiently to tell in which direction the bridge lay. By mere chance then at last he found his way to the top of a flight of steps leading down into the water at the end of one of the streets on the south of the Strand, and here he stood irresolute, undecided whether to go forward or retreat.

Then he drew a little nearer towards the water, paused before taking the first step and stepped down. A low murmuring wind upon the river seemed to him like a voice calling to him to come. Below there, in the dark, silent waters he would find an end of all his cares and sufferings.

"What are you going to do?"

It was a woman's voice that had spoken—a soft voice, the tones of which, so tender and gentle, brought back strange memories of years long passed away.

At the same time a hand was laid upon his shoulder and the fingers of another, tightening upon his arm, drew him backwards from the water side.

He made no answer, but with the helplessness of a child submitted, recognising, as he did so, the lady in the veil whom he had watched making a purchase in the chemist's shop. She had, however, raised her veil the better to follow his movements in the obscurity, and now as she stood there at arm's length he gazed fixedly upon a pale and beautiful face, on which were unusual signs of suffering for one so young; for she was little more than a girl.

"For heaven's sake, come away," she said. "Is your case so desperate that you have no other resource. Are you very poor? See, here is some money. It may save you. Pray God it may not prove the curse to you it has to me and mine. Now, go."

Holding the coin she had given him in his hand, he crawled back towards the lighted street. She watched him thus far, then, lowering her veil again hurried down a narrow turning close at hand.

Arrived at a spot where the light from a shop-window would enable him to look at his prize, he opened his hand, and there in his palm lay a bright golden sovereign.

"God bless her! God bless her!" he cried aloud, and then his chest heaved convulsively; and, for the first time for ten hard years, tears flowed from his eyes and trickled slowly down his thin cheeks.

CHAPTER IV.—WORKING IN THE DARK.

SURELY since the sun first shone on London's streets, it never shone as brightly as on the morning when Jack Jeffcoat made up his mind to begin life afresh. This was the morning after the night on which the unknown lady gave him a sovereign.

That sovereign saved his life. There is little doubt but that, had she not followed him, Jack would have been floating out to sea ere sunrise, or washed ashore upon the Essex marshes, perhaps, and left there, half-hidden in the rank grass until the tide came back to fetch him. But that sovereign and the few kind words she uttered made all the difference to Jack's earthly affairs.

He changed the money pretty soon, you may be sure, and broke his fast, but strange to say, he did not recklessly drink away what silver remained. Next morning after fifteen shillings' worth of improvement in his toilet—and fifteen shillings wrought a wondrous change—I would have you, who know nothing of the capabilities of a Poplar shop-shop, to understand—he set forth with a new heart upon his travels.

He had tried before, and with very small success, to obtain employment; but then he had not gone about the business with any energy, not caring to take a bad place to begin with, while he waited for a good one. "Anything is better than nothing," was his new motto. To begin with, why not call upon the chaplain who had been so kind to him when he was sick in gaol two years ago. When Jack was in the prison infirmary, this clergyman had given him his address, and bade him write and tell him how he was getting on. Once or twice, during his houseless wanderings, he had resolved to do so, but then he was so ragged and he was ashamed. After this fifteen shillings' worth, though, he might put in some sort of an appearance. At any rate, though rather patched and desperately threadbare, he looked clean.

Briskly, then, he walked in the direction of the chaplain's house. It was right the other end of London, but he cared nothing about the distance. It was well worth the journey for he was quite certain of success. Something told him he would be lucky—perhaps it was the sunshine; perhaps the chirping of the birds on the trees in the squares.

Rehearsing what he should say and laying down plans for the future, the walk seemed only half the length he had expected to find it, and, now, he had actually reached his journey's end. Yes, this was the street, and over the way No. 10, at which the clergyman lived.

He had a slight flutter at his heart as he ascended the steps, and knocked the most humble of single knocks at the door.

"Does Mr. Ellison live here?"

"No," replied the servant.

"He used to do, I think; I don't think I have mistaken the number."

"I don't know," replied the servant, "I'll ask if you like."

"I would be much obliged if you would give me his address."

Upon this the servant maid retired, leaving Jack a little downcast. She came back almost directly, and he turned eagerly to hear the news.

"Oh, master says he has only had the house six months, and Mr. Ellison, the gentleman as had it before him, died here."

It was a very long way to the City, and somehow the sun all at once had become overcast, and a cold wind arisen, which moaned dimly through the leafless trees.

Jack plodded on. He had little enough money to spend, and could not treat himself to more luxurious fare than a loaf of bread and a drink at a street pump. He made his mind up, though, that he would not be long discouraged. This time he meant to do all he knew, and, surely, if he persevered, he ought to be able to get along somehow.

He called at over a score of workshops and workyards to ask if they had a job to give him. He saw a gentleman on horseback, who seemed as though he were going to stop; so he followed at his heels for half a mile and more; but when he did stop the gentleman Jeff Jeffcoat about his business, damning him for an idle vagabond gave a boy, who came up at the moment, the preference, and bled.

He called a cab and opened the door for a young lady, who thanked him very sweetly.

When night came he had not earned a farthing and was as far off a situation as ever he had been. A few pence for a bed was all he could afford; and next morning, after the frugalst of frugal meals, began life again with brilliant prospects, but no sun shone.

This second day, being spent in tramping about in the same unprofitable fashion, he went to his humble bed at night thoroughly worn out, and not a little down-hearted.

Upon the third day he tried again, and this time he started with empty pockets. His last halfpenny he had spent upon his breakfast—he bought a halfpennyworth of bread—and now, if something did not turn up, he was very much in the same plight as that from which the unknown lady's bounty had rescued him.

"I was a fool to spend that fifteen shillings as I did," he thought; "but I could not have hoped to get any work to do in the state I was in. As far as hoping goes, though, by the way, I could hope about as well in rags; and, after all, my hopes vanish into thin air."

He tried a great many places for work that day, but without success, and was almost giving it up, when he came upon a manufactory down a lane in the City, behind which was, as he afterwards found out, the wall he had sat beneath, three days before, waiting for night.

At the yard-gate of this place he paused, and argued with himself whether or not it was worth while trying any more. Whilst undecided, however, he caught sight of a very rosy-faced fat man, with an extremely jolly expression of countenance, who was giving orders and seemed to be in authority.

"I've almost a mind to try my luck with him," Jack thought. "He looks a kind-hearted fellow, and—hang it all—he can only refuse me."

Up the yard he went, then, and made his bow, and told his tale.

"I think I could pay my hand to many things, sir, if you'd give me a trial," he said. "I am very hard up, indeed—starving for that matter. I don't care how hard I work and how small my wages are, so that I can get on at something to get me a mouthful of victuals."

"Well," said the rosy-faced man, rubbing his chin in a thoughtful way; "I might find you something you could do, perhaps. If you're so deuced sharp set as all that comes to, I don't like slamming the door in your face. I suppose, though, you haven't got a particular good character from your last place."

"I have no friends, sir, and nobody to give me a good word, but, if you'll give me a chance, I swear to heaven you'll not regret it."

"I hope not. It generally happens that people do regret this sort of thing most plaguefully. However—stop a minute, though; here's some one here I want to speak to."

This some one was a shabby-genteel individual, carrying a large cotton umbrella tied with string, and wearing very seedy kid gloves, the finger-ends of which were in a state of great dilapidation. At the first glance Jack Jeffcoat recognised the person who had found him by the river side. As quickly the other recognised him, and smiled as he followed the rosy-faced man into his counting-house.

They were together for about twenty minutes, and then, their business being settled, the shabby person came out, arranging some papers in a greasy pocket-book, and smirking to himself. In the gateway he paused to look after Jack, and eyed him slyly from round a waggon blocking up the road, then disappeared.

Jack waited as patiently as he could for half an hour more, and, at last, was going to summon courage to ask at the counting-house door whether the rosy-faced man was yet disengaged, when that individual came forth.

But he was nothing like the man he had been a little while ago. He smiled no longer, but was curt and imperious in his manner. That shabby person had evidently brought no pleasant tidings.

"Now, then, what's for you?"

"You said, sir, I might wait!"

"Did I; well, you need wait no longer. You can go as soon as you like. We want no gaol-birds here, my man. I'd rather not have anything to do with you."

"If you would give me a trial!"

"No! I would rather not. There, take yourself off. I've no time to waste."

Jack Jeffcoat took himself off without further argument. It struck him at the moment that he might as well take himself off for good and all, as far as place-hunting was concerned.

"If I am to live I must be a thief," he thought; "that's clear enough. If I'm lucky the game may last a long while. The game of honesty is one I shall starve upon, and why should I starve if I can get a living the other way?"

While thus pondering a hand was laid upon his shoulder. With some idea that he was in custody, he turned round with a start, and found the shabby man with the umbrella close beside him.

"What makes you such a fool?" said Jack's friend in answer, as it were, to a frown upon the other's face. "Why should we go on quarrelling when the fate- are against it? It's meant that we should come together, or I should never have dropped upon you as I did the other day; nor found you again now, just at the moment when I was thinking that of all men in the wide world there was't one who could help me as well as you could if you thought fit."

"Suppose I do help you, will you pay well?"

"What a question, Jack, when you know I always was generosity itself. Of course I will."

"What do you want me to do?"

"We can't talk in the street. There's a public-house, though, that I know of close at hand—a nice quiet place where we can chat the matter over quietly: come along."

So saying, he led the way through a narrow passage and across two or three aqualid courts until they came to a beetle-browed little tavern by the water side, in which, in a villainous little parlour, reeking with stale tobacco smoke, they sat down.

"What will you have, Jack?" asked his shabby friend, producing a handful of silver as he spoke. "What do you say to wine, Jack, to cel brate this auspicious event—port wine, or sherry wine—a bottle to drink each other's health in?"

"What you like," answered Jeffcoat; "but you must buy me first some bread and meat or bread and cheese. I am so hungry and faint, half a wine-glassful of drink would knock me over."

"And what a head you used to have, Jack, in the old times. Didn't you? You shall have the best the house can offer you, and some real crusty, to wash it down."

The best the house could offer was not to be very highly commended, and the "crusty" might not have suited some fastidious palates. Jack Jeffcoat, however, was not likely to grumble. Instead he ate and drank, his fill, interrupting his meal but seldom for the purpose of talking, while his friend, smoking a long pipe, sat opposite him, waiting patiently until his hunger was appeased; but seeming in no manner of hurry.

At last, however, the meal was brought to a conclusion, and then he asked—

"Have you quite finished?"

"Yes, thank you. I have done very well."

"You've not done badly, Jack, if I may venture on an opinion, and now to business."

"Yes, now to business," said the other filling himself a glass of wine and tossing it off at one gulp. "What am I to do for you? Rob a church?"

"The same spirit you always had, Jack; said his friend laughing and rubbing his hands, as though in great enjoyment of the joke; "but it's nothing half so wicked I want you for, my boy. In fact, it's nothing on the cross; nothing but honest work that no man need feel ashamed of."

"If that is the case," replied Jack, helping himself to more wine, "why do you pitch on me?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I always did believe in you, you know. I always said you'd got great talents, and that it was a pity you weren't more careful how you used them. When you were wanted about that little bit of handwriting they sent you over the pond for, I'm sure I felt for you, all the world as if I'd had a son hanged! But I couldn't help you, you know, nor keep them from prosecuting you—"

"There, that'll do," Jack interrupted, somewhat impatiently. "You can drop that subject, and tell me what you want me for?"

"I hinted to you it wasn't anything against the law, but I'll go further, and tell you it's to aid the law I want you. You wouldn't mind helping to catch a thief now, would you?"

"Well, I suppose not. I'm not very particular whether I turn thief or thief-catcher."

"Of course not. It isn't a robbery, though, that's just now in question," said the man, lowering his voice, "it's murder."

"Murder!"

"How dark this place has got all at once. I can't see plainly if the door's closed. Yes, murder is what's been done, and you must find the murderer out."

"How can I?"

"Most of that I must leave to you. I shall tell you all I know, point you out the place where I fancy that the murder has been done, and give you the name of the person who I think has committed it, and I will pay you well if you can scrape together evidence enough to hang her."

Jack Jeffcoat listened to this strange proposition with wide opened eyes; then laughed.

"You're not mad, I suppose," he said, "or drunk. I suppose, of course, you have some reason for wishing this person to be hanged."

"For wishing the murderer to be brought to justice? Yes."

"So that you may benefit by her death. You've no philanthropic motive, I suppose."

"It hardly signifies what my motive is. The man, whom I believe to have been murdered, was my brother, and his murderess, his wife. I will pay you well for the work, I want to employ you upon. You are, I think, just suited to the job. If you agree here is something down, and you shall be well paid for all you do. What do you say?"

"Of course, I say, yes," answered Jack. "But though it seems against my own interests to ask the question, I can't help asking why you do not employ the regular police without wasting your money?"

"As I said before, it hardly signifies why I act as I do, nor need you question my actions as long as I get you into no trouble and pay you well for what you do. Let it for the present suffice if I say that I have my reasons for working in the dark."

"I am at your service," said Jack Jeffcoat, "whenever you think fit." I somehow wish it had not been a woman you wanted hunting down. A spy's trade is mean enough at any time, but worst in a case like this. Is she young?"

"She's young and pretty."

"That's worse still."

"You want to cry off."

"Well no—I'm too hard up to stick at trifles. Besides, after all there's only one woman in the world that I know of I would not willingly harm, and she, it's not likely, I shall ever see again. There, let's have some more drink and tell me more about the work I've got to do."

Some hours later the two men stood together in Norfolk-street, Strand.

"That is the house," said Jeffcoat's companion, pointing to the doorway, in which, two nights before, the policeman had taken a nap.

"That is Jabez Acre's house. Let us step back a yard or two. There's some one coming out."

As he spoke the door opened, and a slight girlish figure, in a black shawl, with a thick veil covering its face, came forth, and quietly closed the door.

"That is the woman you must watch," said Jeffcoat's companion, eagerly. "Quick, or we shall lose her; she goes so fast. But what is the matter—are you dreaming?"

"I think I was for a moment," said Jeffcoat, passing his hand before his eyes.

(To be continued.)

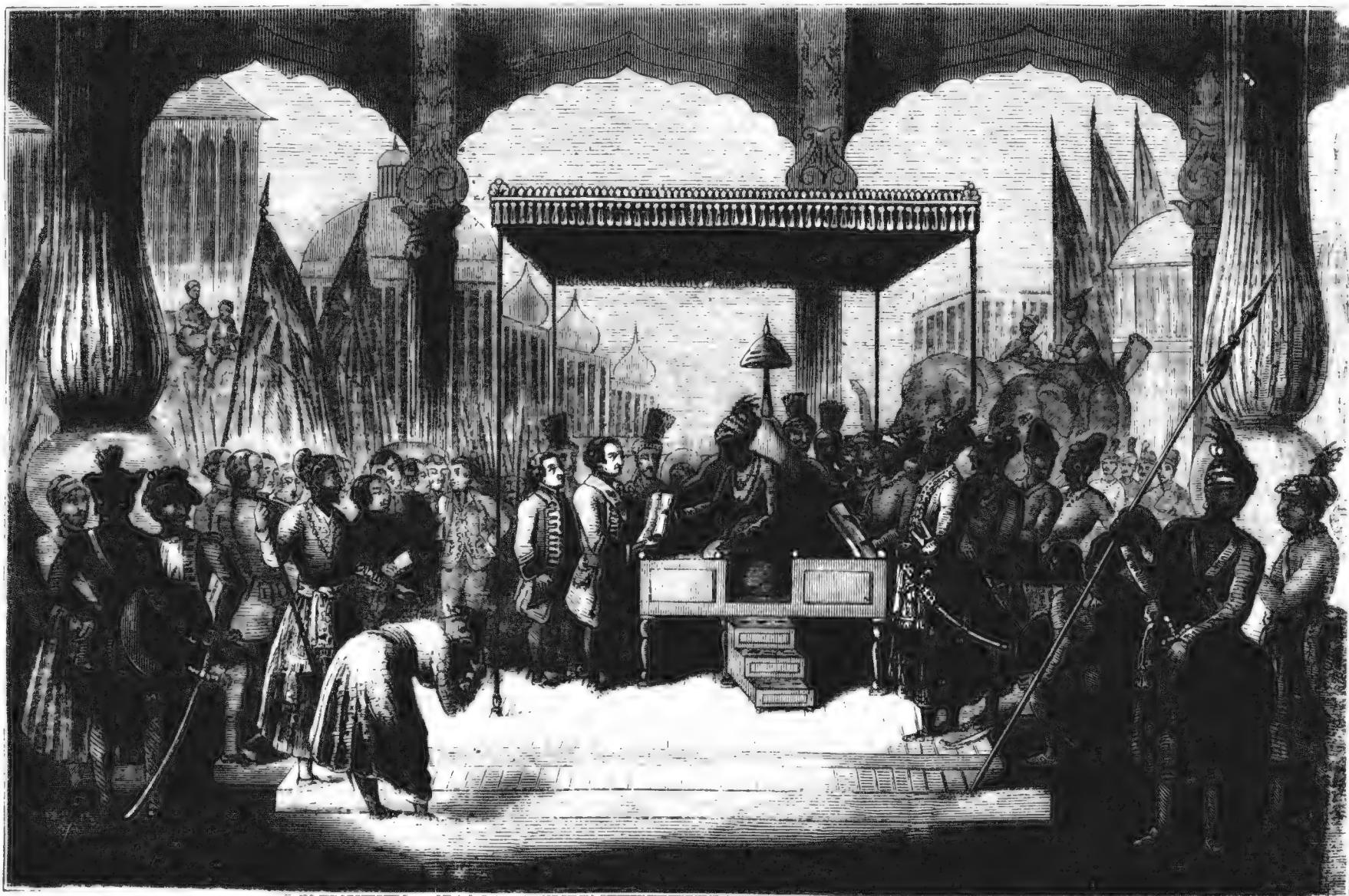
DISEMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT LIVERPOOL.

In connection with the alleged Fenian raid on Chester, we give an engraving on page 29, of the disembarkation of troops at Liverpool. The scene depicted there has been of frequent occurrence at this busy sea-port of late.

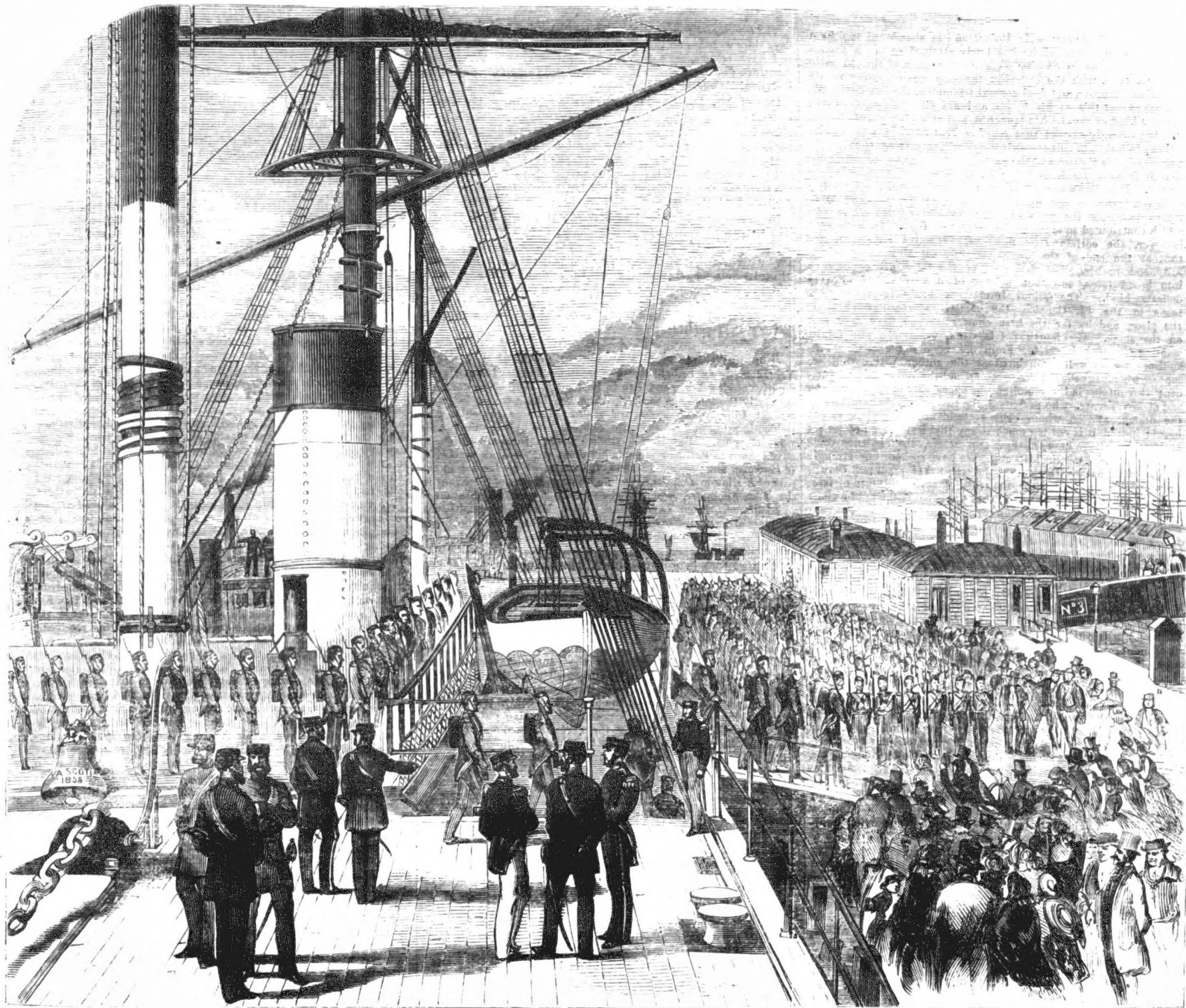
We are told that there was a paper in Cincinnati which was very much given to "high-falatin" on the subject of "this great country," until a rival paper somewhat modified its continual bounce with the following burlesque:—"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pick off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."



ENTRANCE TO THE SILVER MINES OF KONGSBERG. (See Page 22.)



LORD CLIVE SIGNING THE FIRST INDIAN TREATY. From a Picture in the East India Museum. (See Page 18.)



DISEMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT LIVERPOOL. (See Page 19.)

THE GRAND MULETS.

Thanks to the Anglo-Saxon weakness for foreign travel, the subject of our engraving is now pretty generally known here. The late popular entertainer, Albert Smith, did much to make the ascent of Mont Blanc a desirable feat for tourists to accomplish, and it is now frequently undertaken when the weather is favourable. The mountain is now so well known, and the proper precaution so thoroughly understood, that no serious risk is incurred. It should be generally known, however, that those who make the attempt without a good deal of previous training may suffer severely from excessive fatigue, and are likely to derive very little enjoyment from the expedition.

From the first ascent in 1786 up to the end of 1852, 56 persons, exclusive of guides, had ascended. The summers from 1852 to 1859 were very favourable; 20 or 30 people made the ascent in 1854, and many more in subsequent years. In 1860 no ascent was made, owing to the very unfavourable weather which prevailed.

Though the route is long and fatiguing, Mont Blanc is not a very difficult mountain, and is far easier than Monte Rosa, the Jung Frau, the Wetterhorn, &c. The expense of the ascent was, until lately, about £25, but for a party of three or four it is now reduced to about £10 each.

The way from Chamouni (which is generally preferred to St. Gervais on account of the difficulty of the latter) first follows the right bank of the glacier Des Bossons to the base of the Aiguille du Midi; it then crosses the glacier, and arrives near some rocks called the *Grands Mulets*. There it is customary to pass part of the night in the hut which has been built for the purpose. Starting long before daylight, and ascending the glacier of Taconay, a comparative level of snow, called the *Grand Plateau*, is reached; some time afterward the steepest part of the ascent, called the *Mur de la Cote* is found, up which it is generally necessary to cut steps. Having remained a short time on the top, which is a narrow ridge about 200 yards long, the descent is begun, and Chamouni is usually reached on the same evening.

THE PASSENGERS' BAGGAGE EXAMINATION.

The time is rapidly approaching when it will be too late to settle this question satisfactorily. On the first of April the Paris exhibition will open, and before that day the traffic, which has been greatly on the increase for some weeks past, will doubtless rise to an extent that is not easily estimated. Unless Mr. Disraeli can be brought

to see that some time-saving reform is necessary, the visitors to Paris will suffer an incalculable inconvenience and loss of time by having their effects examined by the Customs when crowds of passengers will be crossing and re-crossing the Channel daily. Any tourist who may have had his bag or portmanteau detained by some over-zealous official that it might undergo a more vigilant scrutiny than is ordinarily devoted to passengers' baggage, will be able to understand what a nuisance this may become if the Customs' officers choose to be suspicious. And there is good reason to apprehend many difficulties from this; the officers are accustomed to see two classes of society passing through the ports of Dover and Calais, Folkestone and Boulogne, Newhaven and Dieppe,—the roving Briton or Gaul on pleasure-travel bent, and the commercial tourist. These two classes the Customs' officers begin to know well: they are keen-sighted men as a rule, these officers, and small Lavaters in their way—as far as their regular customers are concerned. They can tell pretty shrewdly, it is said, from a man's physiognomy if he be honest or no; but this, we say again, only holds good as far as the affluent tourists and commercial travellers are concerned. This year, however, Paris will number amongst its visitors a sprinkling of every class, and endless will be the cases in which the suspicions of the vigilant officers of H.M.'s Customs will be aroused unjustly involving much individual discomfiture, and a serious impediment to the traffic.

Several curious suggestions have been offered through the medium of our greatest contemporary—so very curious in fact as to induce a belief that the letters are inserted solely because their signatures are to be found in the Court-guide—but nothing has yet been suggested that is calculated to meet the emergency.

A ducal writer proposes to charge an extra fare to all passengers, and so raise a fund for the Customs, which will cover the amounts of which some one or two per mille of the tourists prone to smuggling may defraud the revenue! A ducal notion, indeed; but we humbly opine that Paul would object to pay for Peter's possible delinquencies: that as the great masses of the people will be induced to visit the Exhibition over the water by the cheap fares, this would offer a serious impediment to the traffic. It would never do, either to issue tickets (as has been suggested) exempting those who chose to purchase them, from the Customs' search. It would be offering a premium to smugglers; for anyone purchasing an exemption-ticket for five or fifteen shillings, would feel morally privileged to pass five or fifteen pounds worth of liable goods. The smugglers of the nineteenth century will forego the romantic attire and accoutrements of *Will Watch* in favour of tourists' suits or crinolines, sling glasses and courier bags; the hands performing

the questionable work may be daintily gloved: but that neither sex nor condition in life can guarantee strict honesty, the etymology of the word kleptomania goes far to prove.

Another suggestion has been put forward, to search the goods of the passengers while they are crossing the channel; but many objections have arisen to this. After all, it is the most reasonable course that has been mentioned, and although it would involve the residence of some half-dozen French officers in the ports of Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven, and a like number of our own officers in the three French ports with which our traffic lies, the public time must be considered before individual convenience. It is true that the limited space of the Channel boats is not favourable to search; but two or three officers, aided by the crew, would surmount every obstacle in the two hours at which one may estimate the shortest passage across. It has been objected that it would be dangerous to open the trunks during the rolling and pitching of the vessel; but really we believe that the risk is over-estimated. There are few persons too indisposed in the short trip to mind being asked for their keys.

The most absurd notion to which the *Times* has given publicity appears to us that each traveller should provide himself with a banker's certificate guaranteeing payment of £100 if any goods were concealed in the travellers' effects, or not declared. How many of the persons who will visit the Exhibition would gladly provide themselves with a banker's certificate for £100 if they could? The *Times*' correspondent is doubtless one who never dropped his hand into his pocket without its entrance being greeted with a golden chink; one, who like the innocent gentleman in the anecdote, might ask for toast, on being told that there was no bread! Is it not known to the gentleman who makes the ingenious proposition that they expect two millions of British visitors this season at Paris, and that if his own world migrated bodily it would form only a small per-centage of that number? In this case we want reform for the Millions, not for the Upper Ten.

It is evident that nothing important enough to meet the emergency will be done, but, to ameliorate the grievance, let us hope the Customs' officers will be instructed to pass over their tasks as lightly as possible this season; they can be vigilant without being obtrusive, and for the time being let them reverse their rule of searching a score of innocent travellers in hopes of finding one guilty one.

Mr. Wilfrid Seawen Blunt, formerly Third Secretary at Frankfort, has been appointed Second Secretary at Berlin.

OUR OPERA GLASS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Robertson has abandoned legitimate modern comedy, in which he has lately attained so much success, and has given us in *Shadow Tree Shaft* a piece of the old melodramatic type, with the orthodox thrilling escapes, heavy villain, sensational murder, and final general triumph of the innocent. We did not expect this at his hands, and are disappointed, both with the new kind of ship he has launched, and at his method of steering it. We strongly suspect that *Shadow Tree Shaft* is a production written to order, to suit the exigencies of the very excellent scene painter of this theatre and the particular tastes of its manager, and that it is very far from being an untrammelled creation of its author. It is divided into four acts; the first two depend entirely upon the incidents and upon the scenery, as the dialogue by no means possesses the polished brilliancy and epigrammatic ease which contributed so much to the success of *Ours*. In both acts, however, the curtain falls upon very effective situations, and that at the end of the second certainly contains much originality and pathos. The first part of the third act degenerates into broad farce, and that neither of a very clever or very delicate kind. The serious interest is again revived by the scene in the Fir Coppice, the greatest spectacular effect of the piece, and by far the best snow scene we have ever seen on the stage. The fourth act is weak, wearisome, and totally wanting in real interest. From its very commencement the audience are as well acquainted as the author with, what we suppose we must call, the *denouement*; and the only exciting incident it contains is the simultaneous appearance of Mr. Forrester and of Mr. Verner, who personate the two principal characters in the drama, and on whose close resemblance the plot is chiefly based; indeed it is not too much to say that if it were not for the accidental likeness between these two actors, the audience could scarcely have sat out the last act. We have spoken thus strongly of the piece, as we think that the talent that produced *Ours* is great enough to bear the truth of such a mixture of farce and melodrama as Mr. Robertson has presented to the public under the name of *Shadow Tree Shaft*; and we trust that in his next essay he will return to his old love, modern comedy, and leave the dreary paths of sensational melo-drama to other and less able hands than his. The third and fourth acts might well be condensed into one, and the vulgar jokes about the bottle and the drum-sticks be entirely omitted.

The author should recollect that a woman of Lady Kenyon's position, even when her grief is only feigned (feigned, too, for the motive of all others most sacred to a wife, the safety of a husband whom she loves), would take care to give her simulation an air of refinement and probability if she had the least desire of imposing on the man who suspects her. There is one passage of positive indelicacy, that where Captain Mildmay tells Lady Kenyon that his sergeant must attend her everywhere. Such coarse fun as this is only fit for the Palais Royal, and not for a theatre holding the position of the Princess's. The star system is not in vogue here, and there is no special talent displayed by any of the performers; but the piece is, on the whole, with occasional exceptions, uniformly well acted throughout. The following is a sketch of the plot:—Sir Walter Kenyon (Mr. Charles Verner), a Jacobite baronet, arrested and condemned to death, manages to escape, and for the sake of seeing his wife and child once again, ventures to revisit his estate. His wife, cabots discovered, he leaves his home disguised as the pupil of Sampson (Mr. Vining), a fighting man, who has a booth for sparring exhibitions at a fair held at Kenyon. A detachment of the troops of King George march into the fair, and read a proclamation offering a reward of £1,000 for the capture of Sir Walter just as Sampson and his pupil are exhibiting their pugilistic skill to the miners, who form the bulk of the Kenyon tenantry, and who, even if they penetrate his disguise, are, with one exception, too devoted and too honest to betray their landlord. Darkyn (Mr. F. Villiers), the villain of the piece, recognises Sir Walter, and attracted by the enormous bait of £1,000 is about to betray him, when Michael Woodyard, his successful rival in the affections of Katie (Miss Katherine Rodgers), seizes him, and threatens him with instant death if he divulges the secret he has surprised. The curtain here falls on the first act. In the second, Sir Walter, who has taken refuge in the mine on his property, learns that the soldiers have invested the mouth of the pit, his presence there having been betrayed to them by Darkyn. To effect his escape he changes clothes with Woodyard, an illegitimate child of the former baronet, and who bears an extraordinary likeness to his master and half-brother. Darkyn, detained by the miners whilst Kenyon in disguise ascends the shaft, passes through the soldiers unsuspected, and again conceals himself in his own house, springs into the bucket as Woodyard in the baronet's dress ascends—a struggle ensues, and Darkyn, under the influence of rage, jealousy, and frustrated avarice, stabs his rival as they disappear together up the shaft. The scene changes to the mouth of the pit, and we see Lady Kenyon come to mourn over the murdered man—supposed by the soldiery to be her husband. Informed of the true state of the case in a whisper by Sampson, who enacts the *deus ex machina* all through the play, she continues her lamentations, no longer real, in order to keep up the deception. Katie, coming to console Lady Kenyon, suddenly discovers that it is not Sir Walter, but her own lover who lies murdered before them. For Lady Kenyon's sake she drives back her terrible grief, and continues her consolations, whilst Lady Kenyon feigns the agony that really exists in poor Katie's brave but distracted heart. This situation, in which the two women crouch over the dead body, each assuming the part in reality belonging to the other, with Darkyn in the custody of the soldiers, and the lurid fires of the gloomy black country in the distance, is extremely effective. It is the best point in the whole piece, and shows almost enough originality and pathos to redeem, if that were possible, the two remaining acts—which, although too long on the stage, require but a very brief description. Captain Mildmay (Mr. Shore) suspects that Sir Walter is still alive, and a quasi-comic scene ensues between him and the pretended widow, in which she asserts that a bottle of brandy and a chicken which the concealed baronet has been recruiting himself on, and some small remains of which the captain discovers, have been consumed by herself to console her in her bereavement. The vulgarity and the improbability of this scene is beyond all censure. Michael, of course, is not really dead, and Captain Mildmay, into whose power he has again fallen, after cross-examining Lady Kenyon and Katie as to who his prisoner really is, in despair of finding out the truth, which, however, is most absurdly patent to every one but him, gives orders for his immediate execution. His device is successful. The real Sir Walter, who must have been imprudent enough to hide behind the door, so very opportune is his appearance, comes forward and declares himself. His pardon arrives, of course, in the nick of time, and all are made happy. Such is the very weak conclusion of a piece that at one period of its performance lays claim to a certain amount of melo-dramatic success.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

The *troupe* of Japanese artists and acrobats we mentioned a few days since as being on their way to this country, have now arrived, and have commenced a few special representations, prior to their departure for Paris, where they are engaged to perform during the Universal Exhibition.

One of Mr. Boucicault's dramas is in rehearsal at the Grecian Theatre.

Mr. Ira Aldridge has been giving his representation of *Othello* in various cities and towns in France, and has met with great success.

Mr. Falconer's *Peep o' Day* is being played at the Boston Museum, and the author himself is personally attending to the preparations necessary for the production of his latest work, *Oonagh*, at one of the New York theatres.

In the forthcoming revival of *Rob Roy* at Drury Lane Theatre, Miss Guillon La Thiere will perform the part of Helen McGregor.

Madame Marie Sass (Madame Castan), the well-known singer, representative of *L'Africaine*, *La Favorite*, and *La Juive*, has instituted a suit for separation against her husband on the ground of brutal treatment and violence. The Tribunal (the First Chamber), in the absence of the husband, who did not appear, decided that the case was proved by documents and testimony, and gave a decree in favour of the separation.

The new theatrical star whose debut at the Salle Ventadour we expect will create a sensation, is Miss Laura Harris, a native of New York, and born in September, 1846—therefore, she is exactly the same age as Patti. She has had a tremendous success at Lille, where boxes and stalls, whenever she sang, were trebled in price, and crowds were compelled to quit the theatre for want of room. Miss Harris studied under Manz, who likewise gave lessons to Patti. She made her debut at New York in *Lucia, Il Puritana*, and *Medee*. In 1865 she appeared in London in the part of Zerlina in *Don Juan*, and in that of Queen of the Night in the *Flute Enchantée*, which Christina Nielsen has since then made so celebrated. From London she went to Madrid, where she took the place of Patti, and so well that she was asked to perform in *Linda* eight times, and in *La Sonnambula* fifteen. La Diva will have to look to her laurels.

The report is going about that during the three weeks the cold weather lasted the theatres were deprived of no less than £15,000, which would, in the ordinary case, have come into their exchequer during the pantomime season. The weather was bitter enough to deter many anxious parents or guardians from bringing out their children, who were accordingly sent back to school after the Christmas holidays without having seen a pantomime. Although the last weeks of the pantomime are never the best, the theatres have been doing fairly well since the thaw set in. Great interest is being taken in a new piece under rehearsal at the Adelphi, called *Lost in London*, the production of Mr. Watts. The piece has been in the manager's possession for five years, but its production has been delayed by the *Colleen Bawn*, and the great hits which have been made at the Adelphi in the interim. Great things are said both of the drama and its scenery, and a career is expected for it equal to the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, which so long filled the coffers of the Olympic.

IN MEMORIAM ON THE LATE CELEBRATED ACTRESS,

MRS. MARY ANNEA WARNER.

(Contributed.)

THE sun yet lingering in the west,
Looks sadly on one open grave,
Where loving, loved, she sought that rest
Which loving sorrows vainly crave.

The mourning train have all passed on;
I watch alone where beauty lies;
Whose genius world-wide glory won,
Whose virtues raised her to the skies.

Nor has the earth yet pressed the board,
Last raiment her fair form shall wear,
Till time be past and life's restored,
In beauty more divinely fair.

Now sadly think I on the hour,
When first she beamed upon my sight;
And wondering ask why death has power
To wound a form so fair and bright.

While memory points to younger years,
When first she taught my opening soul;
Life's changeful passions, hopes, and fears,
And love, whose beams outshine the whole.

Scarce can I deem that 'neath this earth,
That gifted one—whose wondrous spell
Called such creation into worth—
Should cold and lone and silent dwell.

And ask again why form so fair
Should thus be hidden 'neath this clay,
Why beauty, genius, gifts so rare,
Should moulder by a sad decay.

Ah! lifeless one! thy gifted mind
Did woman's hallowed form invest
With thoughts and feelings, grand and kind;
Without which life were vainly blest.

Now grateful I this tribute pay
To thee, first image in my soul;
But as the star sheds back the ray,
So weakly I reflect the whole.

Of beauty, dignity, and grace,
Of Majesty, of mind and form,
Of that sweet soul which lit thy face,
So mildly grand and purely warm.

B. B. I.

Note.—These lines were written at the yet open grave of the late lamented Mrs. Warner, and it is to be regretted that, though years have passed, no monument has yet been placed to record the talents and virtues of a woman so much admired and respected, both as a great actress and an amiable woman, whose personations of our great Shakespeare's creations were so universally and justly admired. It is to be hoped when the public are aware that Mrs. Warner's grave is without a tombstone and grass-grown, all will feel that a monument is due as a national tribute to record the memory of one who was an honour to her profession and her country. It is well to state here that during her last long painful illness, Her Majesty the Queen, with her usual benevolence, took the kindest interest in Mrs. Warner, and it would be ungracious not to mention that the same must be said of the good-hearted Miss Burdett Courts, and of Mr. Macready, her friend and teacher.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

We feel called upon to give publicity to the statement which the Lord Mayor made at the Mansion House this week concerning the latest employment swindle. Some persons, his lordship said, had taken an office in Great Trinity-lane, City, and had issued an advertisement headed, "Employment, Paris Exhibition." In that they said: "Efficient and responsible persons of all trades and occupations will be required to take charge of, attend to, and show goods, machinery, &c., of every description. Parties desirous of engagements should apply at once, by letter only, enclosing stamp for reply to Broadhurst & Co., 12, Great Trinity-lane, Cannon-street, City." On the receipt of a penny postage stamp they sent to the applicant for employment a printed form desiring him to fill it up with his name, and address the department of the Exhibition for which he conceives himself qualified, and the name of a reference, with 2s. 6d. in stamps as a registration fee. At this time, numbers of young men were probably out of employment, and would be likely to be attracted by an offer of that kind. It was therefore his object in calling attention to the matter to put them upon their guard. From inquiries instituted at his suggestion by the police, it appeared that on the 30th of January two men called at the shop of Mr. Tozer, the occupier of the house in question in Trinity-lane, and took a small back room at 8s. a week, stating they only wanted to have their letters addressed there. They paid two weeks in advance, and gave an address in Shoreditch, which proved to be false. On the morning of the 4th of February, about 60 letters addressed to them were delivered there. Those they called for and took away, and more has since been received from day to day. There had also been many personal applications. While the police officer was making enquiries at the house, a postman arrived with more letters addressed to the parties in question, but the owner of the house refused to take them in. The parties had not put any furniture into the room they had taken, and the police had reported their belief that the transaction was a swindle.

AT THE MANSION HOUSE, Elizabeth Collins, a well-dressed woman, was charged before the Lord Mayor with being in the unlawful possession of a £5 note. About eleven o'clock on Saturday morning the prisoner entered the Bank of England and presenting the note, upon the back of which was written "Elizabeth Collins, 14, Euston-road," asked to have it changed. On inquiry it proved to be a stolen note, and she was asked by Detective Sergeant Brett how she had become possessed of it. She replied that she had presented the note for payment; that the name and address written on it were hers; and that she had received it from a man, but declined to mention his name. Upon that she was taken into custody, and at the Bow-lane police station she afterwards made a statement to Inspector Foulger to the effect that she had received the note knowing it to have been stolen; that she knew who stole it, and from whom it was stolen; that she would not divulge the name of the person who stole it; and that the charge would be of advantage to her, for it would be the means of bringing out the circumstances connected with a man who had been her ruin. Inspector Foulger told the Lord Mayor that he had reason to know the note was part of the proceeds of a burglary. The prisoner was remanded to admit of further inquiries.

AT GUILDHALL, James Austin, who refused to give his address, was placed at the bar before Alderman James Clarke Lawrence, charged with being in possession of a number of coloured cartoons of designs for church windows in stained glass, which had been stolen from the warehouse of Messrs. Powell and Sons, Glass-works, Temple-street, Whitefriars. The whole number stolen was about 80, and the value about £340. Sufficient evidence for a remand having been taken, the further hearing of the case was adjourned.

AT CLERKENWELL, William Smith, a cabman, was charged with having in his possession a quantity of linen belonging to Mr. Justice Mellor. The linen was stolen from the cart of a washerwoman, who had just received it from the house of Mr. Justice Mellor. Other linen was stolen from the cart at the same time, the whole amounting in value to £30. Mr. Barker committed the prisoner for trial.

BANQUET AT THE ORIENTAL CLUB-HOUSE.

Now that Parliament is sitting, the various club-houses are at the height of their season. At every opportunity, and especially prior to a great debate, no matter on what question, banquets among certain parties, both for and against, are continually taking place. The illustration represents a recent banquet at the Oriental Club-house. This club was established in 1824 by Sir John Malcolm, the traveller and brave soldier. It is supported principally by noblemen, ambassadors, and travellers of Asia, St. Helena, Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, India, Constantinople, and others interested in our colonies. The club-house is at No. 18, Hanover-square.

THE TOWN OF MIKAKO, JAPAN.

Those of our readers who have visited the Japanese *troupe*, now exhibiting at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, will perhaps be interested to know that what we should term the scaffolding for their high *trapeze* performances is a very fair specimen of the manner in which the supports of the majority of the houses in towns and cities in Japan are held together. They are mostly built of wood, with cross-beams and uprights of bamboo, the best of them similar to the small engraving given on page 21. When these are all grouped together in a large town, each place presents a very uniform characteristic similar to the town of Mikako, also shown on page 21. In fact, the art of house-building is little understood among them. Many of them are covered with plaster without, while the interior is mostly divided by merely paper partitions. Our other view in the same page is the volcanic mountain of Fousi-Yama.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest, it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation. It regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. Office, 205, High Holborn, London.—(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THROAT DISEASES.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable."—(ADVERTISEMENT.)

OPENING OF THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR.

The French Chambers were opened on Thursday. The following is the Speech from the Throne read by the Emperor:—

Messieurs les Sénateurs, Messieurs les Députés, Since your last session serious events have arisen in Europe. Although they may have astonished the world by their rapidity, as by the importance of their results, it appears that, according to the anticipations of the Emperor, there was a fatality in their fulfilment. Napoleon said at St. Helena, "One of my great ideas has been the agglomeration and concentration of the same nations, geographically considered, who have been scattered piecemeal by resolutions and policy. This agglomeration will take place sooner or later by the force of circumstances. This impulse is given, and I do not think that after my fall and the disappearance of my system, there will be any other great equilibrium possible than the agglomeration and confederation of great nations." The transformations that have taken place in Italy and Germany pave the way for the realisation of this vast programme of the union of the European States in one sole confederation. The spectacle of the efforts made by the neighbouring nations to assemble their members, scattered abroad for so many centuries, cannot cause disquiet to a country like ours—all the parts of which are irrevocably bound up with each other, and form a homogeneous and indestructible body. We have been impartial witnesses of the struggle which has been waged on the other side of the Rhine. In presence of this conflict the country strongly manifested its wish to keep aloof from it. Not only did I defer to this wish, but I used every effort to hasten the conclusion of peace. I did not arm a single additional soldier, I did not move forward a single regiment, and yet the voice of France had influence enough to arrest the conqueror at the gates of Vienna. Our mediation effected an arrangement between the belligerents, which leaving to Prussia the fruit of her success, maintained the integrity of the Austrian territory, with the exception of a single province, and by the cession of Venetia completed Italian independence. Our action has been exercised, therefore, with views of justice and conciliation. France has not drawn the sword because her honour was not at stake, and because she had promised to observe a strict neutrality. In another part of the globe we have been obliged to employ force to redress legitimate grievances, and we have endeavoured to raise an ancient empire. The happy results at first obtained were compromised by an inauspicious concurrence of circumstances.

The guiding idea of the Mexican expedition was an elevated one. To regenerate a people and implant among them ideas of order and progress—to open vast outlets to our commerce, and leave the recollection of services rendered to civilisation—to mark our path. Such was my desire and yours. But, as soon as the extent of our sacrifices appeared to me to exceed the interests which had called us across the ocean, I spontaneously determined upon the recall of our Army Corps. The Government of the United States comprehend that want of conciliation, and embittered relations which for the welfare of both countries should remain friendly. In the East troubles have arisen, but the great Powers are acting in concert to bring about a state of things which may satisfy the legitimate wishes of the Sultan, and prevent dangerous complications. At Rome we have faithfully executed the convention of the 15th September. The Government of the Holy Father has entered into a fresh phase. Left to itself, it maintains itself by its proper strength, by the veneration which is felt by all towards the Head of the Catholic Church, and the surveillance loyally exercised upon his frontiers by the Italian Government. But if some demagogic conspiracies should audaciously seek to threaten the temporal power of the Holy See, Europe, I do not doubt, would not permit the accomplishment of an event which would cause such great perturbation in the Catholic world.

I have only to congratulate myself upon my relations with foreign Powers. Our connection with England becomes daily more intimate by the similitude of our policy and the multiplicity of our commercial relations. Prussia seeks to avoid anything which might arouse our national susceptibilities, and agrees with us upon the chief European questions; Russia, inspired by conciliatory intentions, is not disposed to separate her policy in the East from that of France. The same is the case with the Empire of Austria, the greatness of which is indispensable to the general equilibrium. A recent commercial treaty has erected new ties between the two countries. Lastly, Spain and Italy are upon terms of sincere agreement with us.

Thus, therefore, nothing in present circumstances need arouse our uneasiness, and I entertain the firm conviction that peace will not be disturbed.

Assured of the present, and trusting in the future, I have thought the time had arrived to develop our institutions. You have expressed your wishes to me every year that this should be effected; but being justly convinced that progress can only be accomplished by complete harmony between the powers of the State you had placed in

my hands—and I thank you for your confidence—the privilege of deciding upon the moment when I might think the realisation of your desires possible. Now, after fifteen years of calm and prosperity—due to our common efforts and to your profound devotion to the institutions of the empire—it has appeared to me that the time had come to adopt the liberal measures which lay in the minds of the Senate, and the aspirations of the Corps Legislatif. I respond to your expectations, and, without departing from the constitution, I propose to you laws which offer new guarantees for political liberty.

The nation, which does justice to my efforts, and which again recently in Lorraine gave such touching proofs of its attachment to my dynasty, will make a wise use of these new rights. Justly jealous of its repose and of its prosperity, it will continue to disdain the dangerous Utopias and excitements of parties. For you, gentlemen, the immense majority of whom have constantly sustained my courage in the always difficult task of governing a people, you will continue to be, with me, the faithful guardians of the true interests and the veritable greatness of the country.

These interests impose upon us obligations we shall know how to fulfil. France is respected abroad. The army has displayed its valour, but the conditions of war being changed require the increase of our defensive forces, and we must organise ourselves in such a manner as to be invulnerable. The Bill upon this subject, which has been studied with the greatest care, lightens the burden of the conscription in time of peace, offers considerable resources in time of war, and redistributing burdens between all in a fair proportion—thus satisfies the principle of equality. It possesses all the importance of an institution of the country, and I feel convinced will be accepted with patriotism. The influence of a nation depends upon the number of men it is able to put under arms. Do not forget that neighbouring States impose upon themselves far heavier sacrifices for the effective constitution of their armies, and have their eyes fixed upon us to judge by your resolutions whether the influence of France shall increase or diminish throughout the world. Let us constantly keep our national flag at the same height. It is the most certain means of preserving peace, and that peace must be rendered fertile by alleviating misery, and increasing general prosperity.

Heavy trials have assailed us in the course of the past year. Inundations and epidemics have desolated some of our departments. Benevolence has assuaged individual suffering, and credits will be asked of you to repair the disasters caused to public property. Notwithstanding these partial calamities, the progress of general prosperity has not relaxed. During the last financial period the indirect revenue has increased by 50 millions, and foreign commerce by upwards of one milliard of francs. The general improvement of our finances will soon allow us to give satisfaction upon a large scale to agricultural and economic interests brought into light by the inquiry opened in all parts of the country. Our attention must then be turned to the reduction of certain burdens which weigh too heavily upon landed property, and which prevent the speedy completion of the channels of interior navigation of our ports, our railways, and especially of cross roads, the indispensable agents for effective distribution of the produce of the soil.

Bills upon primary education and upon co-operative societies were submitted to you last session, and I do not doubt you will approve the arrangements they set forth. They will improve the moral and material condition of the rural population, and of the working classes in our great cities.

Each year thus opens a new horizon to our meditation and our efforts.

Our task at this moment is to form the public manners to the practice of more liberal institutions. Liberty in France liberty has only been ephemeral. It has not been able to take root in the soil because abuse has immediately followed use, and the nation rather preferred to limit the exercise of its rights than to endure disorder in ideas as in things. It is worthy of you and me to make a broader application of these great principles which constitute the glory of France. Their development will not, as formerly, endanger, the necessary prestige of authority. Power is now firmly based, and ardent passions, the sole obstacle to the expansion of our liberties, will become extinguished in the immensity of universal suffrage. I have full confidence in the good sense and patriotism of the people, and, strong in the right which I hold from them—strong in my conscience, which is solely desirous of good—I invite you to march with me with a firm step on the path of civilisation.

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